

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

London
September 8, 1943



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"My Goodness — My Guinness"

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON
SEPTEMBER 8, 1943

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Marcus Adams

Viscountess Hardinge and Her Family

Viscountess Hardinge, whose marriage took place in 1928, is a Canadian, and was formerly Miss Margot Fleming. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Fleming, and of Mrs. Fleming, of Wynards, Rockcliffe, Ottawa. Her husband, Major Viscount Hardinge, 7th Hussars, was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Willingdon, from 1926 to 1928. He succeeded his father as the fourth viscount in 1924. The Hardinges have a son, Nicholas, and two daughters, Carolyne and Gay, seen in the picture with their mother, and their home is South Park, Penshurst, in Kent



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Climax

WE do not know what caused the death of King Boris of Bulgaria—whether it was an assassin's bullet or natural causes aggravated by acute anxiety—but we can be certain that the Balkan game was reaching a climax for him, just as it is for Hitler. Having flattered Boris, as well as badgered and bullied him, Hitler was about to demand the full price which must be paid sooner or later by all German satellites. Hitler wanted the Bulgarian Army to do more than stand at action stations; he wanted them to fight. King Boris must always have feared the approach of this demand since the Germans began to fail in Russia. Probably he knew better than anybody that the last people the Bulgars want to fight if, indeed, they want to fight at all, are the Russians. The affinity is much too close; not even King Boris could have expected loyalty in the field had he dispatched them to the front. Maybe Hitler knew this as well, but his needs have become pressing, and since he cannot rely on the Italian garrisons in the Balkans he must have help from somewhere else.

At the moment of his death King Boris was facing unrest in Bulgaria which was being fomented by those whose sympathy for Russia is so strong that they wish to pull their country out of the Axis. The only way they can do this is by demanding peace, and then openly declaring themselves on the side of Russia. King Boris knew this, and was also aware that he could not rely much longer on his personal cunning to avoid the issue. He was a consummate politician, a small Hitler in his way. He was more of a dictator than a

constitutional monarch. For twenty-five years he had sat uneasily on his throne, using every trick and device to hold, maintain and enlarge his power. If death had not claimed him, failure would have done so, for it was beginning to stalk him as ruthlessly as he had dealt with those who opposed him.

Revolt

FILOV, the pro-German Prime Minister of Bulgaria, is a weak man, whose only



To Report on Spain

Sir Samuel Hoare, British Ambassador in Madrid, arrived in London a fortnight ago. His visit was to enable him to report on the Spanish situation, and on his recent important talk with General Franco

hands of the Allies than it can ever do so now in Hitler's.

Resistance

MOST significant light on Germany's position is revealed in the attitude of Sweden. Having cancelled the traffic agreement by which Germany was allowed to transport troops and raw material across her territory to Russia, Sweden no longer minces her words of criticism. Germany blusters and bullies, but the Swedes continue to stick out their chins. There was a time when Hitler would not have tolerated this kind of resistance. He would have set about little Sweden with the ferocity of a fearsome devil. He doesn't do that now, although the Swedes are provoking him to their utmost. Conditions in Germany, about which the Swedes are in a position to know more than most people, must be very bad indeed for this to happen.

Courage

THE Danes have shown great courage in these late days after suffering so long under German occupation. And it does require bravery of a high order to fight fitter and better equipped soldiers when your arms are outdated and without reserves in support. It is difficult to know as yet whether the Germans manœuvred the situation in Denmark, or whether the Danes rose in revolt. The result has been the same. It may be, however, that the Germans got a bad fit of invasion jitters and that they wanted to protect themselves against a possible Allied landing in Denmark. The brutal way in which the Germans sought to assert their authority is typically Prussian. It reveals the madness of hysterical fear. There was no attempt at reasoning with the Danes. They had to suffer indignity and assault. Even tiny Denmark can give Germany the jitters now. No longer does the German jackboot and the Prussian pride frighten the Danes. By their policy in Denmark the Germans are humiliating themselves more than ever before.

Conference

APPARENTLY Marshal Stalin is ready and anxious to sit in conference with Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt, but not until a cut and dried agreement has been reached beforehand by the Foreign Ministers



Back from Quebec

On his return from Quebec, Mr. Edén, the Foreign Secretary, made a report to the War Cabinet. He is now working on the preliminary plans for the long-awaited British, American and Soviet conference

Foreign Office Visitor

Mr. Maisky, former Soviet Ambassador in London, went to see Mr. Eden at the Foreign Office on his arrival in London ten days ago. He was appointed Deputy Commissar for Foreign Affairs in Moscow last July

strength has been his fear of not doing properly all that King Boris ordered him to do. Filov will not be able to hold Bulgaria together, and before long the dissension which he has tried to avert will turn to revolt. Hitler cannot afford to occupy Bulgaria and Italy and Denmark. He needs loyal allies now more than at any other time, but they are all failing him. In the early days of the war several strategists saw the inherent weakness of Hitler's position in the Balkans. They prophesied that the Balkans would be the graveyard of German ambitions in this war. In the last war it was the defection of Bulgaria in 1918 which hastened the collapse of Germany. In many respects Germany's position today is much worse than it was in 1918. Hitler offered the German people much more than the Kaiser ever promised and his failure is therefore greater than was Wilhelm's. The heavy land fighting in this war has been taking place under severer conditions in Russia than it did in France. But though France is out of the war, Hitler has few friends there and German troops are fully occupied as a holding force. Above everything else, the air weapon has grown stronger and more ruthless in the

of the respective governments. There is nothing much wrong with this, save that it seems that Marshal Stalin wishes to do all his hard bargaining at third-hand behind the protective thickness of the Kremlin walls. For while the Foreign Ministers of Britain and America will have a fairly free hand in any preliminary talks, we can rest assured that M. Molotov will not. All the same it will be worth a lot of patience and long sittings if Britain and America can end the suspicions which the Russian leaders entertain about them.

Now, and not after the war, is the time to reach hard and fast agreements on the principles of peace. I should have thought that the best foundations for this would have been laid if there had first been a personal meeting between Marshal Stalin, Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt, which would have allowed the Foreign Ministers to get to work afterwards. At such a meeting all the clouds of suspicion could conceivably be blown away by frankness and an expression of fervent desires for the future good of all. Undoubtedly frankness is going to be the one and only safety valve by which sound and stable relations can be maintained between the Allies. It is noticeable that a note of criticism has crept into the utterances of a number of those who have been good friends of Russia in the past. These people do not hide their dislike of Russian propaganda methods and they are beginning to say so openly. I am certain this is all to the good. The Russians will appreciate bluntness, for to them hard words mean strength. Britain can afford to be blunt to her friends as well as to her enemies. Bluntness eradicates all suspicion, mystery and hypocrisy. If we are going to have peace, this is the only way to ensure that it is a lasting peace. Idealism is something to live for, but truth supported by strength are the essential foundations of successful aspirations.

Denial

Politics are fought much more fiercely in the United States than in Britain, and Mr. Cordell Hull is no mean campaigner. He knows when and how to hit hard. At the moment he seems to be at the very centre of a political upheaval in Washington which, so far, has led to the resignation of Mr. Sumner



The Board of Admiralty Meets

Round the table in the historic boardroom at the Admiralty are: Lord Bruntisfield, M.C. (nearest the camera); Capt. R. A. Pilkington, M.C., M.P.; Rear-Admiral Patterson, C.B., C.V.O.; Rear-Admiral J. H. Edelston, C.B.E.; Vice-Admiral Sir E. Neville Syfret, K.C.B.; Admiral Sir Charles Kennedy-Purvis, K.C.B.; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.; Sir Sidney Barnes, K.B.E.; Mr. A. V. Alexander, P.C., C.H., M.P.; Vice-Admiral Sir H. V. Markham, K.C.B., M.C.; Vice-Admiral Sir William Whitworth, K.C.B., D.S.O.; Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Wake-Walker, K.C.B., C.B.E.; Vice-Admiral F. H. Pegram, C.B., D.S.O.; Rear-Admiral D. W. Boyd, C.B.E., D.S.O.; Mr. G. H. Hall, M.P.; Sir James Lithgow, M.C.

Welles, his Under-Secretary in the State Department. Mr. Sumner Welles is known as the advocate of a strong pro-Russian policy. Mr. Cordell Hull has been accused of being anti-Russian and so with characteristic anger he has asserted that this is a "monstrous and diabolical falsehood." But such a denial will not completely clear the air, nor satisfy those people in America who appear to be as suspicious as any Russian. Positive action by the United States can alone mend the damage which has been done. Mr. Cordell Hull is in a strong position in the Administration. He is an essential and stout plank in President Roosevelt's fourth term campaign. This outburst, which has cast aside normal diplomatic observances, by the head of the State Department shows how near we are coming to the

fever stage in presidential campaign politics.

Escape

COUNT CIANO's cunning plans for escaping the wrath of the Italian people were carefully prepared, and typical of the man inasmuch as they were not deeply laid. It is a revealing commentary on the character of a former Foreign Minister that he should dress up as a beggar and try to smuggle thousands of francs out of the country which he once represented. Quite clearly Count Ciano did not intend to be caught by his own people or, if he can still avoid it, by the Allies. Probably Ciano knew that Italian capitulation was on the way and that one of the conditions imposed by the Allies might be the handing over of war criminals.



A Medal for Malta from Nyasaland

Field Marshal Lord Milne, President of the British Empire Service League, presented on behalf of its members in Nyasaland a gold badge and illuminated address to the people of Malta. The Duke of Devonshire, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, received the gift



A Conference of Fighter Command Chiefs

Air Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, C.B., D.S.O. (centre), A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, is seen at his headquarters with members of his staff: G/Capt. T. N. McEvoy, Air Vice-Marshal W. B. Callaway, Air Vice-Marshal C. H. K. Edmonds and Air Cdre. C. P. Spackman

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Two Good Films

By James Agate

Watch on the Rhine (Warner and Regal, Marble Arch) is in one way poorer than the play but in many ways better. Herman Shumlin, who directs, seems to have had an inspiration amounting to a brain-wave. This is to leave the horrors of Nazi misrule where Lillian Hellman left them—to the imagination. Throughout the entire picture we do not glimpse so much as the heel of a single jackboot. If the Film Directors' Union throws Shumlin out for this, he has only himself to blame.

THE film is poorer than the play because of the lesser significance given to the small boy, Bodo. This part impressed me when I saw the play fifteen months ago to the point of writing:—

anti-Fascist by Paul Lukas, who reminds us that there still exists a number of elderly Germans unpoisoned by the Nazi virus. Indeed the film makes the best case I have yet seen for the post-war consideration of this small but immensely wretched and deeply to be pitied minority. No, reader, you do not perceive here the cloven hoof of lenience. I am not the editor of a high-brow weekly, and I say that consideration for this stricken minority must be put on one side until after the Nazi horror has been liquidated once and for all.

THERE is a beautiful performance of the wife by Bette Davis who proves once more that she is able to act as well as star. For this, of course, she has to thank her generous absence of what Hollywood calls "glamour." The

beer. But the American cinema of today is a pudic affair, and nothing seems to go beyond a kiss. Except, of course, matrimony. Nevertheless, the story has a distinctly Magyar, not to say Molnarish, flavour, and I feel that if Mr. Lazlo Bus-Fekete on whose play *Birthday* the film is based, had been allowed to introduce a sufficient quantity of his native paprika, we should have had a very spicy dish indeed. As it is, Certificate "A" is only lure—never was anything more consummately "U."

AND what, the reader may ask, do I mean by Hungarian? Well, all that conversation between the rake and the devil at the beginning and the end. The devil (who is addressed as "Your Excellency") is played by Laird Cregar, and is a very urbane, smiling, courteous, understanding devil indeed. In fact I doubt whether the Other Place could produce better manners. And his office! But the office is pure Ernst Lubitsch, who directs the film.

HUNGARIAN, too, is the constant occupation with what that fiery folk are pleased to call "love." But then the film is all about love: childhood flirtations, schoolboy leerings, calf-love poetics, pursuit in marriage, pursuit (elsewhere) after marriage, the spring of attraction, the summer of fascination, the autumn of paternity, the winter of rotund stomach and receding charm. Thus we watch the life history of Henry Van Cleve (admirably portrayed by Don Ameche, in a part which must be one of the longest ever seen on the films). The interview with the devil is conscience money paid by him for what he considers his evil life. But was it evil? "Tell me, my friend," says the nicest of devils, "what crimes have you committed in your life?" And Henry cannot think of any. Only of his countless amorousities. Which are no good to His Excellency. What, Henry, not even a little forgery, embezzlement, or perhaps a teeny-weeny murder of some unimportant aunt or uncle, or maybe one of the numberless mistresses? No, not one. "Well," says H.E. at the conclusion, "I am very sorry to be unable to accommodate you, but Hell is no place for you." And he rings the bell, the bell boy appears, says: "Down, sir?" "No," says the Duke of Sulphur and Brimstone. "Up!" Shade of Tomlinson! Is Kipling so soon forgot?

This film is really a charming, sophisticated, plain-sailing, ingenious, amusing, witty and entertaining affair. Two hours of moving in good American society from 1872 to 1942, which is Henry's allotted span. Every one is wealthy, the décor is superb, the dresses are lovely, the waltzes are Straussian, and the acting is first class. I particularly liked the disgruntled parents of Henry's delightful wife (Gene Tierney). The picture of a fat old hog (Eugene Pallette) and a vinegary virago (Marjorie Main), and the table where they have breakfast, some fifty feet long, with him at one end and her at the other, refusing to converse except through the mediumship of a friendly negro butler—this is pure Lubitsch. And the lady who sings endless roudoules by Eva dell'Aqua all through an amorous crisis, cannot be spared either. Will the film run? It should. It is one of the best domestic films I have seen of late, and although it is all in the most Paul Veronese-ish Technicolor, this nearly always heightens and never disturbs.



Sabu and Jon Hall Co-star with Maria Montez in a Film of the South Seas

"White Captive" presents the romance and colour of the South Seas in the story of an island princess (Maria Montez) and her lover, a shark hunter, Kaloe (Jon Hall). The path of true love is no smoother in the South Seas than it is anywhere else, and only the intelligent intervention of Orano, an island boy (Sabu), saves the young lovers from disaster. (Left, the princess and her lover are threatened by Sam Miller, a tradingpost proprietor; Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Thomas Gomez. Right: Kaloe sets sail with his young friend Orano; Jon Hall, Sabu)

Note how every piece of infant logic uttered by the ten-year-old Bodo Müller shows the German mind dawning as it must have dawned in the time of Luther, Dürer, Leibnitz, Bach, Kant, Lessing, Goethe, Beethoven, and many other great spirits drawn to eternal *Wahrheit* and repelled, we may, we must, be sure by that maniacal, obsessive, silly, post-Nietzschean, super-Wagnerian *Dichtung* which is what happens when Nazi Rhyme divorces itself from German Reason.

It would not be possible to write this of the film, and the film is the poorer. On the other hand the picture does not suffer from the fault of the play which gave one the impression of being a smart drawing-room comedy with a world-motif tacked on at the end. Athene Seyler, one of the most brilliant comédiennes the English stage has known in our time, but always a little under-parted, suddenly finding herself in a rôle which would have made Marie Tempest neigh and Ellis Jeffreys whinney, was rather like a horse seeing a bit for the first time and asking what teeth are for! And I lay it down that no play which ends by being serious can afford to be as funny as our dear Athene made this one. Lucile Watson is not nearly so amusing; but then she does not pretend to be. And the film is all the better for it.

There is an admirable performance of the

worst of the film-stars who are said to be "easy on the eye" is that one can no more go on looking at them than one can gaze permanently at an apricot blancmange. I don't mean that our Bette's features resemble the ruined areas round St. Paul's; only that the two have this in common, that you can go on looking at them, that the interest increases with looking, and that you presently find yourself face to face with the mind of the actress. Which, of course, is fatal in the case of the average film-star who has no mind to be face to face with. In other words, I would rather see Bette stand on her head and go through the film backwards than watch any other of our so-called screen-stars wax and wane, wilt and make whoopee without losing a grain of their expensive complexions. But all the acting in the film is good, and I should hate to overlook George Coulouris, whose Nazi blackmailer is a masterly piece of unobtrusiveness. Whether the film will be a success I don't know. It is probably too good.

Heaven Can Wait (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion) is the saga of a rake. Not a very rakish rake, according to European standards, and indeed Signor Casanova, to whom the hero is once or twice compared, would have thought him very small



1. Henry Van Cleve, aged 15 (Dickie Moore), is introduced by his mother (Spring Byington) to her latest, most fashionable acquisition, a French maid (Signe Hasso). Mademoiselle teaches him not only the French language but also the French point of view

"Heaven Can Wait"

Lubitsch's First Venture in Technicolor

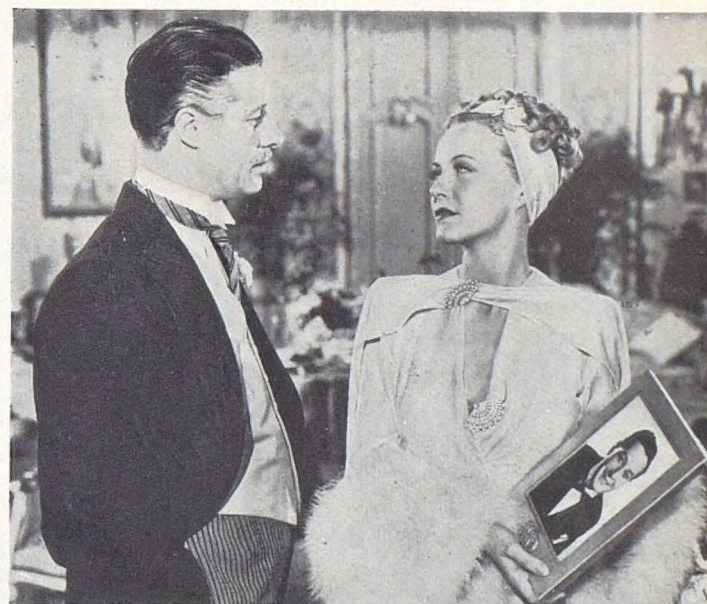
Directed by the Man Who Made Marlene Dietrich Famous. Gene Tierney and Don Ameche Re-live the Life and Loves of a New Yorker, 1872-1942



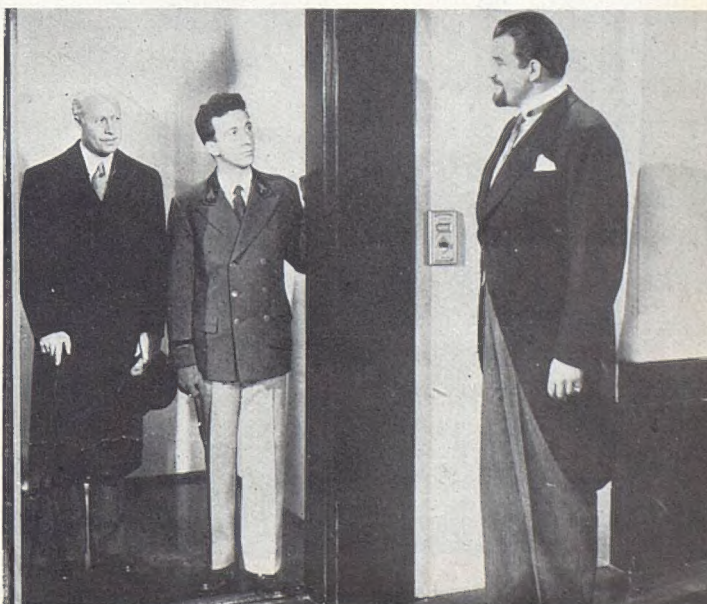
2. Ten years later Henry, grown up (Don Ameche), falls in love with his cousin Albert's fiancée, Martha (Gene Tierney). He meets her in a bookshop and persuades her to elope. In spite of Henry's roving eye, his marriage is supremely happy for ten years



3. Finally, Henry's indiscretions force Martha to leave him. Escorted by former fiancé, Albert (Allyn Joslyn), Martha goes home to mother. Henry follows and succeeds in persuading her not to leave him and their son, Jackie



4. Henry, aged 50, finds that son Jackie is following all too faithfully in his own footsteps. Henry buys off one chorus girl after another only to find that the boy is again in love with another (Don Ameche, Helene Reynolds)



5. Soon after his 70th birthday Henry dies. He applies to H.E. the Chief of Hades (Laird Cregar) for a passport to Hell. H.E. sends him up by lift to The Other Place where, he says, he should be able to get in—with Martha's help

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Flying Colours (Lyric)

IF the bright particular stars that adorn our stage were ruled by a benevolent autocrat, and I were he, an old but not impertinent problem would not have been raised once more by this revue. It concerns Miss Binnie Hale, who adorns some of the programme's more memorable features. That problem, which is purely speculative, may be briefly re-stated: is it possible that Miss Hale might have excelled as an actress in classical comedy, as she excels in modern variety and vaudeville? And, if so, would her Millamant, say—for we may as well take the question seriously—have been comparable to that of the famous high-comediennes who, in the past, made this incomparable role both a test and their triumph?



Douglas Byng as the Gibson Girl in "Revivals," a number by Eric Maschwitz and Jack Strachey, and Binnie Hale in "Humble Servant" by Rubiens and Lambelet

The answer to this not altogether idle question should be, I suggest, an unqualified affirmative. But since chance, or her own predilections, decided that she should "troupe," so to speak, the colours, and shine exclusively on what is called the illegitimate stage, vindication of that reply must go by default, and remain, like the question itself, speculative.

I recall an outstanding moment of delight in this easy-going, over-generous entertainment, which her cunning arts invested with perfection. This was her singing (as Lady Hamilton in a sombre Nelsonian episode) of the first verse of "Rule, Britannia!" Admirably timed, and exquisitely sung, it was a flash, brief but brilliant, of her genius for vaudeville.

She is not merely versatile—though her versatility is wide and astonishing—but brings to each of her turns, which range from high-comedy to low, from dancing to song, a sparkling attack, unfaltering verve, and a telling



Jackie Hunter and Inga Andersen find they "Can't Live Without Love," a number by Dick Cross and Harry Jacobson

economy of method that constitute style. Her popular imitations of other stars, which include Evelyn Laye, Yvonne Arnaud, and Beatrice Lillie, vary between the kind, the readily recognisable, and the lethal. And whether she is collaborating with Mr. Douglas Byng in an absurd burlesque of a sister-act by awful variety twins equipped with unusual dulcimers, or warbling snatches of bird-like bel canto, her technique, unadulterated with gratuitous allure, is a delight. What might she not have made of Millamant, Polly Peachum, even Mozart's Susanna!

MR. DOUGLAS BYNG is a privileged mocker, whose more insular gifts entail no such vain speculations. He contributes further selections from his gallery of dreadful dowagers, with their well-tagged, racy lyrics and preposterous confidences. Their prudish pince-nez straddle their offended, disdainful noses, no matter what their rank or period; their fur neckwear still fidgets, but grows more adventurously zoological, and their deportment is still august.

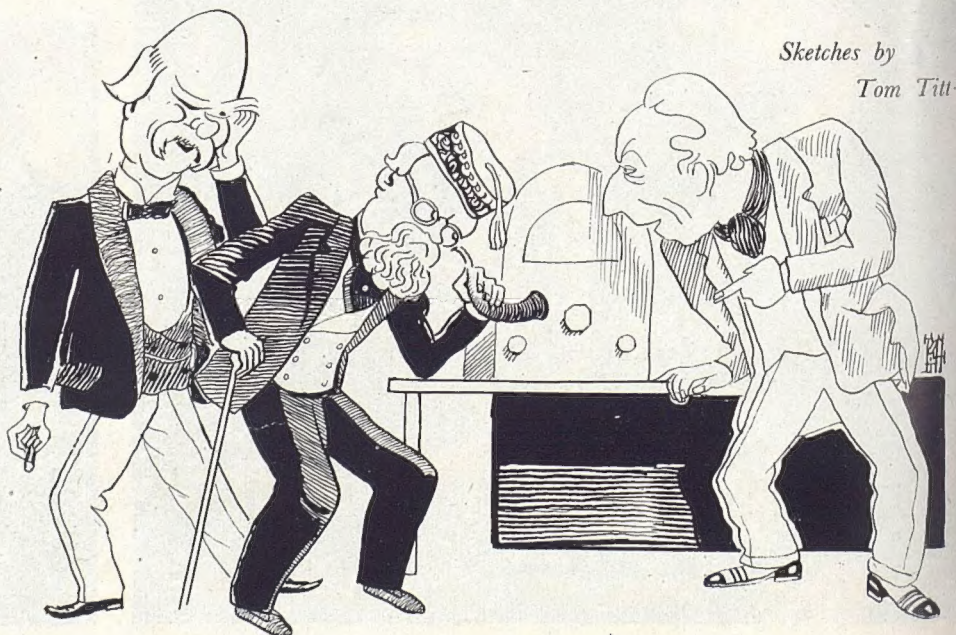
Mr. Byng also essays one, more humdrum character: a middle-aged, lovelorn clerk, heartbroken by a well-meaning but attractive typist; and his impersonation owes only part of its verisimilitude to the bowler hat and yellow mackintosh which, on the stage, always make their wearers seem more realistic than life.

Mr. Jackie Hunter, a transatlantic comedian, has an engaging manner, and obviously more skill than some of his numbers fully extend. He is an entertaining single turn, and a good collaborator.

Mr. Hal Bryan, who specialises in fruity old fogies, rings amusing changes on such hardened themes as the mellow complacency of retired officialdom, and the bloodshot gallantry of old-world, regimental C.O.s.

Flying Colours might be described as a holiday-makers' show with pierhead flavours. Some of the colours it flies may seem a bit battle-worn; but they are clean enough for general enjoyment. The programme suits its ambitions to the raw material, which ranges from topical skits to more grandiose ensembles. Many of the items are supplied by experienced purveyors who know their job, even if they do not always extend that knowledge. And if these thirty items seem to have been somewhat fortuitously selected and casually assembled, they have to their credit the opportunities they provide for Miss Hale and Mr. Byng to appear now and then at the top of their form.

A somewhat tentative start is presently redeemed by the appearance and brightness of the stars, whose highlights are memorable. The microphone is employed only when its ear-splitting zest is needed to reinforce what might otherwise seem understatement, as in a merciless parody of a neighbouring show, distinguished by its ruthless rhythm and surrealist inconsequence. The show as a whole should gain, from tolerant audiences, that kind indulgence which its unpretentious virtues invite, and the brilliance of its stars deserves.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Hal Bryan, Hugh Rene and Walter Kirby represent three famous voices of the radio today in a sketch, "The Micro-home," by Ronald Jeans and Kenneth Leslie Smith. The sketch gives a picture of what life holds in old age for announcers of the B.B.C.



Vivienne
Miss Joyce Redman has taken over the name-part of Claudia (originally played by Miss Pamela Brown) in Rose Franken's play which has now been running at St. Martin's Theatre for nearly a year. Miss Redman was Wendy in this year's presentation of Peter Pan with Miss Ann Todd as Peter. Twenty-four years old, she is a sensitive actress of great charm, and the part of Claudia is ideally suited to her especial talents



Miss Hermione Baddeley is expected to return to the West End very shortly in a new musical production, "Don't, Mr. Disraeli," adapted from the book by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simons. Miss Baddeley is perhaps best known for her brilliant impersonations in intimate revue. Her latest London appearance, however, was in the legitimate theatre, when she appeared in "Brighton Rock"



Vivienne
Miss Victoria Hopper is another star who is returning to the West End. She is to appear in her first musical play and will take the part of Angele Didier in "The Count of Luxembourg," a part made famous in this country by Miss Lily Elsie. Miss Hopper is the wife of Mr. Basil Dean, the Director of National Service Entertainment

Theatre Newsreel



John Vickers

Mr. Barry K. Barnes and his wife, Diana Churchill, have just completed a long tour playing to Forces audiences all over the country. One of their favourite plays is James M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," and their presentation of this has proved most popular with the troops. Above they are seen in the play as Crichton and Lady Mary. London audiences hope to see them again in the near future



John Vickers

Miss Nora Swinburne is playing the principal role of Natalia Petrovna in "A Month in the Country" during the absence of Miss Valerie Taylor on holiday. The play is at St. James's Theatre and reached its 250th performance there yesterday. It gives Miss Swinburne her first costume part as well as her first classical role. She was given only a fortnight in which to rehearse and learn her lines, but with the help of Mr. Ronald Squire and Mr. Michael Redgrave, she acquitted herself brilliantly and brings warmth and graciousness to an exacting role

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Supreme C-in-C.

NEWS of Lord Louis Mountbatten's appointment as Supreme Commander-in-Chief in the South-Eastern Pacific came as a surprise—a very happy one—particularly to his friends. Several of his officers applied for service in the Far East as soon as they heard of the new appointment, so anxious are they to continue on his staff. His remarkable personality endears him to everyone privileged to serve under him, from the youngest Wren upwards. Like the ship's company of his famous destroyer, the Kelly, the Combined Ops. staff in London have given him their wholehearted admiration and devotion and,



Paul Tanqueray

Miss Jean Fortune

The younger daughter of Major-Gen. Victor M. Fortune, C.B., D.S.O., is engaged to Major Peter Vaughan, Welsh Guards, son of the late Lt.-Col. Philip Vaughan, D.S.O. Her father, commanding the 51st Division, was taken prisoner in 1940

as one of them phrased it over the week-end, "The job will never be the same without him."

Nevertheless, as everyone knows, Lord Louis is essentially an "active service" sailor, and for some months his friends have felt that he has been fretting at the comparative inaction imposed on him in London. He is tremendously enthusiastic and energetic, and during his months in Whitehall managed to enthuse others with something like his own vitality. But desk work—and as C.C.O., he found so much of it that he was usually in his office by eight in the morning, not to leave until the late evening—has never made the same appeal to him as action, although the dangerous enterprises which he had to plan were exactly the kind of problems he loves to solve, and must have given him some of the thrill of action. In his new sphere, Lord Louis will have plenty of scope for both planning and carrying his plans into effect. No doubt we shall soon see results from the new appointment; all the news indicates that the Pacific war is about to come nearer the centre of the stage. Lord Louis wasted no time. Within a few days of the announcement from Quebec, he was on his way to Washington. He spent a couple of days there in consultation with Chiefs of the Allied Staffs, then left for an unknown destination. He is going to visit Chungking,

but before going there he is expected to be in London for a few days.

Dutch Occasion

THE town house of the late Mrs. Ronnie Greville in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, has just been officially opened as Netherlands House. Queen Wilhelmina, escorted by her son-in-law, Prince Bernhard, who was wearing Dutch naval uniform, attended the opening ceremony, which was performed by Mr. Attlee. Her Majesty looked very well and was in good spirits. Both she and Prince Bernhard seemed very interested in the transformations which have taken place in Mrs. Greville's old home. In the old days, the room where the opening ceremony actually took place was the dining-room, and the walls were then almost completely covered with paintings of the old Dutch masters. The original paintings have gone now, but others of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries which have been lent have taken their place. Both Lord Riverdale and Dr. Van Cleefens spoke, the Netherlands Foreign Minister speaking almost entirely in English with just a few phrases in Dutch. Many people were there, both English and Dutch. After the ceremony they had tea either at the buffet in the dining-room or in one of the morning-rooms, or upstairs in the ball-room. Among those I saw were Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant, Pamela, Lady Glenconner, all in bright blue, which shows off so beautifully her auburn hair; the Iranian Minister, who was talking to Lady Dalrymple Champneys; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bruce, and Lady Moncrieffe, who, like Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, looked on at the proceedings from the cool vantage-point provided by the shady plane-trees in the little courtyard.

Farewell to King Peter

SIR GEORGE and Lady Rendel gave a cocktail party to King Peter of Yugoslavia and members of his Government who, following the example of King George of the Hellenes,



To Be Married

Harlip

Baroness Anne-Marie Winterstein Gillespie, daughter of the late Maj.-Gen. Baron R. Slatin Pasha, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., is to marry Prince George Galitzine, Welsh Guards, son of Prince Vladimir Galitzine

are leaving us shortly to establish headquarters in the Middle East. The young King, who was in Air Force uniform, came with his fiancée and her mother. Princess Alexandra, who is known by the pretty abbreviation of "Xandrina" to her intimate friends, looked wonderfully well, and is growing more and more like her lovely kinswoman, the Duchess of Kent, having the same classical Grecian profile. Although she is a Royal Princess (a comparatively recent decree of the King of the Hellenes made her a Royal Highness) and a future Queen, Princess Alexandra is very unassuming and informal. She was wearing a plain dark-brown frock, and a chic little pale-blue hat which matched the beautiful colour of the blue diamond in her engagement ring. There were very few young girls there. I saw the Ambassador's daughters, Anne and Rosemary Rendel (Anne works at the War Office, and Rosemary at the Foreign Office), and the two daughters of the



A Recent Engagement

Navana

The engagement was announced in July of 2nd Lt. Robert Douglas Ropner, R.A., only son of Sir Robert and Lady Ropner, of Skutterskelfe, Hutton Rudby, Yorkshire, and Bournemouth, to Miss Patricia Kathleen Scofield. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Scofield, of Blair Lodge, West Malling, Kent



Eating Out: Four Who Found Food at the Bagatelle

Swaebe

Countess Sondes and S/Ldr. A. C. Bartley looked up from the dinner table to face the camera. He has the D.F.C. and Bar, and she is Earl Sondes's wife, and a daughter of Lt.-Col. Herbert McDougall

At this table, dinner being over, Capt. and Mrs. F. J. C. Bowes-Lyon were free to devote their attention to the photographer. Capt. Bowes-Lyon is in the Grenadier Guards, and his wife is Capt. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's second daughter

Argentine Ambassador, Stella and Anna Inez Carcano. The Carcanos are a very attractive family, and Anna Inez, who is known as "Chiquita," is a clever artist. Their hostess, Lady Rendel, works at the Canteen near Westminster Cathedral in the day-time. The Brazilian Ambassador was wearing a flower brooch of pink pearls, emeralds and diamonds, a birthday present from her husband, which was greatly admired. She was talking to the Polish Ambassador. Others there included Mr. Robert Hudson, greeting Lady Dashwood; Lady Eltisley, talking to Lady Peto; Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, Sir Owen and Lady O'Malley, Capt. Crookshank, Lord and Lady Sempill, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Cochran.

Moving House

THE Hon. Maynard and Mrs. Greville have moved out of Easton Lodge Cottage, where they have been living since "the big house"

was taken over by the Government in the early days of the war, and have just got into a new home about three miles away called Little Canfield Hall, near Dunmow. Quite a lot of the furniture which the Maynard Grevilles inherited on the death of Frances, Lady Warwick in 1938, and which used to be at Easton Lodge, is being sold, only the valuable pictures and family portraits and a large number of books and family documents being kept. Many of these are of great historical interest, for Easton has been in the Maynard family for nearly four hundred years. It belonged to Frances, Lady Warwick, and was left by her to her younger son, Maynard, uncle of the present Earl of Warwick. In due course it should be inherited by her granddaughter, Mrs. Eric Spurrier, who was Felice Greville, and who is now living with her mother, Mrs. Maynard Greville, while her husband is soldiering overseas.

Farewell to Ascot, 1943

EVEN with the attraction of a race between the Derby winner, Straight Deal, and the Oaks winner, Why Hurry (which resulted in the colt beating the filly), there was not very much of a crowd at the last August meeting at Ascot, perhaps because the weather was far from its best. Among the handful of people in the Royal Box, I noticed Col. Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, who, as well as being Crown Equerry, also occupies the unofficial post of riding instructor to the Princesses. Others there included Capt. Charles Moore, the Manager of His Majesty's Thoroughbred Stud, who had come over from his bachelor residence at The Pavilion, Hampton Court Palace, and tall Lord Sefton, in mufti, who put in an appearance in the box now and then in the intervals of attending to his duties as Steward of the Meeting.

Theatrical personalities present included, as

(Concluded on page 312)



Quiet Wedding: Capt. E. C. O'Brien and Miss Acland

Capt. Edward C. O'Brien, Parachute Regiment, and Miss Elizabeth Acland were married on August 30th at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street. Capt. O'Brien was wounded while fighting with the First Army in Tunisia

After the ceremony this cheerful picture was taken of the Hon. Mrs. Murrough O'Brien, the bridegroom's mother; Major Murrough O'Brien, his brother and best man; with the bride's parents, Sir William and Lady Acland. The bridegroom's father, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Murrough O'Brien, D.S.O., M.V.O., died in 1931



Combined Operations: 7 a.m. and No Dew

Racing Carries On

Some Pictures Taken at Kremlin
Stables, Newmarket



Mrs. Lambton and Miss Sybil Lambton, who is in the Women's Land Army, discuss farm affairs



A Chinese member of the Allied Nations, Ming is the stable mascot

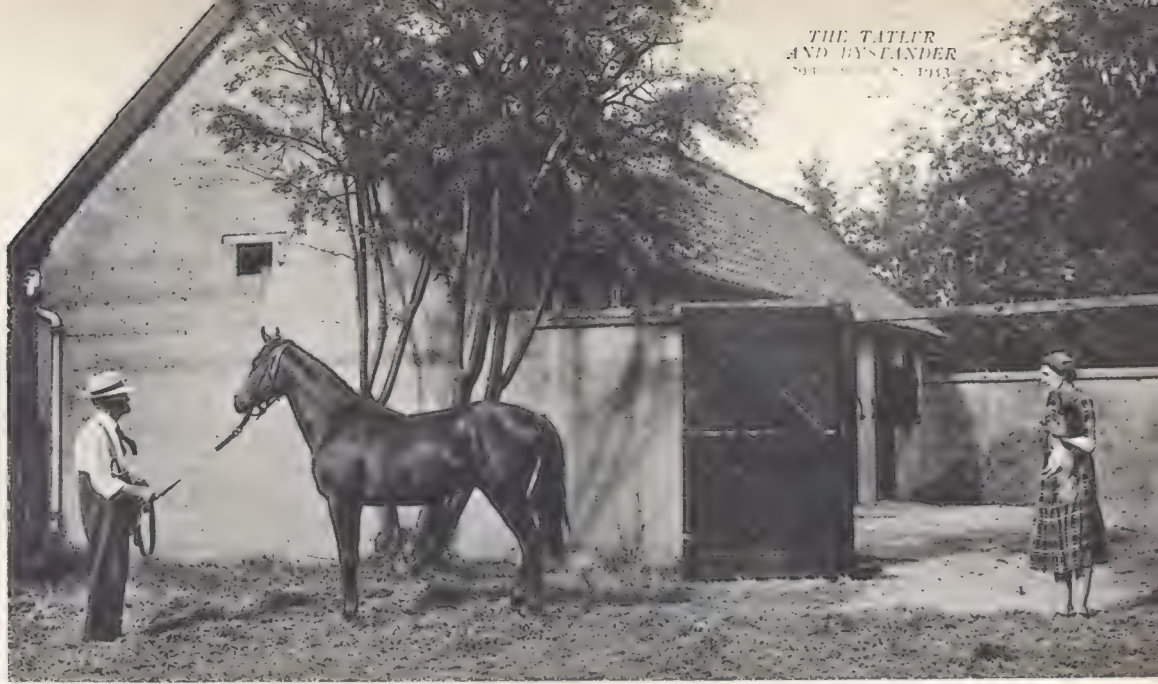


In this group are Michael Beary, the stable jockey; the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton; Mrs. Perry Harding; Col. Perry Harding, who won so many races as a G.R., and was spending some leave riding for Mr. Lambton; the Hon. George Lambton and Mrs. Michael Beary

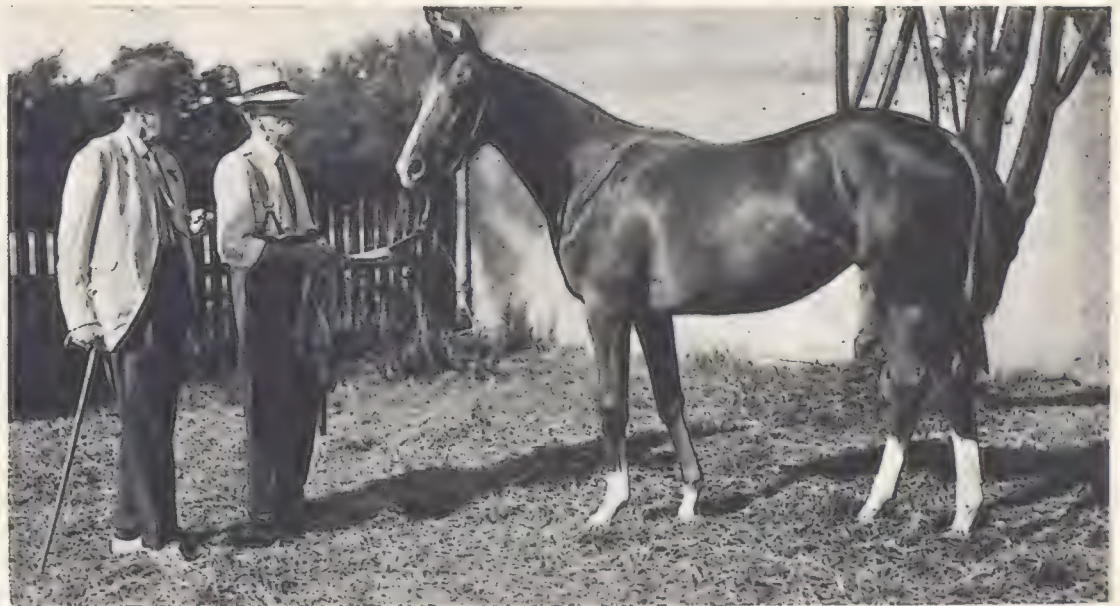


Tractor work takes up much of Miss Sybil Lambton's time during her daily work on the farm

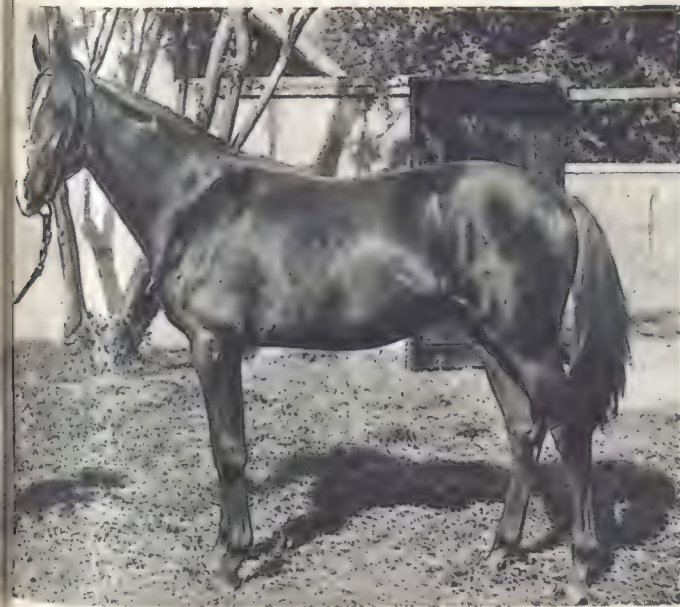
● Racing personnel are on active service all over the world, and many of its members have magnificent war records. In their absence it is up to those unfit or over age to see that their livelihood is there when they come back. They have no more staunch supporter than the Hon. George Lambton. His long day's work begins at about 7 a.m., when he watches the first lot assemble in the yard, rides out with them on to the Heath, back for a quick breakfast, then out again with the second lot. In the afternoon he inspects the brood mares and young stock on the Moreton stud farm, and in the evening sees every horse in the yard at "Stables." He is fortunate in having two such able assistants as Mrs. Lambton and Miss Sybil Lambton. Mrs. Lambton, besides riding out both lots with her husband and helping him to carry out his plans, does all the secretarial work of the stable and stud farm (no light work), looks after the welfare of the apprentices and manages the farm. Miss Sybil Lambton, besides belonging to the W.L.A., and working full time on the arable part of the stud farm, starts her day at 6 a.m., attending to the stable hacks



Mrs. Lambton Admires the Fairway—Torbay Colt, Also Going Up for Sale



Mr. Lambton inspects his beautiful filly by Hyperion out of Celestial Way, entered for the yearling sales this month



England is rightly called the stud farm of the world, and it was by the sale to America of horses such as this grand yearling colt, by Fairway out of Torbay, that many thousands of precious dollars were gained for war materials prior to the Lease-Lend Act



At the end of the day's work, Miss Sybil Lambton and Whiskers have a word with Penny Point

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IT'S a commonplace that French Canada, which the Quebec Conference has brought into the limelight again, is a microcosm of Old France in language (e.g., a restaurant-car is a *char réfectoire*), customs, devotion, and charm. The odd thing is that the French themselves only realised this after World War I.

About 1913 a young French-Canadian named Louis Hémon wrote a novel called *Maria Chapdelaine*, a rural idyll of Quebec Province, which was serialised in the *Paris Temps* and attracted no notice whatsoever. Then quite suddenly, after the Armistice, the French discovered that *Maria Chapdelaine* was the lovely nostalgic essence of ancestral France, which they had believed to be dead. Its fragrant simplicity after four years' nightmare was like violets and spring water, and Maria became a national heroine. Hémon was killed a little later in a motoring accident in America and the French soon gave up *simplisme* and turned to jazz, like the rest of us.

The moral is that the Human Race (which, as Prof. Sir Walter Raleigh remarked, has a silly face) is so odd and unpredictable that even beauty and innocence will send it crazy at times.

Hangover

THAT scrawled, blurry Shakespeare signature just discovered on the title-page of a book dated 1568 by the Director of the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Washington looks to us as if Shakespeare penned it after a thick night at the Mermaid Tavern.

One hears a lot from the pedants about the flow of wit and poesy at the Mermaid. They never discuss the high probability that Shakespeare and Marlowe and Ben Jonson and the boys were frequently plastered. Sack—dry sherry, the period tippie—is pretty potent when thrown back for a whole night by the jugful, which is not the way Spaniards drink sherry. The Elizabethan Londoner swilled a lot of sack because he was extremely nervy and spied upon everywhere by Cecil's Gestapo, and we guess a lot of those Mermaid symposia ended under the table. Moreover, the hangover after excessive sherry is considerable, and would explain that shaky, blottesque Shakespeare signature completely.



"I'm from the Ministry of Town and Country Planning"

Footnote

AND finally, we guess a lot more undiscovered Shakesperian signatures are of this woozy kind not owing to sack alone, but to letters from rich women, e.g., his patroness the Duchess of Southampton, saying *dear Mr. Shakespeare* I have just read your perfectly *entrancing* sonnets and am simply crazy about them and it would be absolutely *too divine* of you to send me six new copies (*free*) for my bazaar in aid of Sunshine Homes for Happy Dustmen at Southampton House on the 25th. P.S. Would you be a *perfect darling* and get Mr. Jonson and your other *delightful* friends to do the same, what *delicious* weather we're having, aren't we, yours ever sincerely, Babs Southampton.

Cry

READING the other day about a remote hamlet which has no public telephone-box and apparently cannot endure this deprivation any longer, we wondered if those simple hicks know how particular the Post Office is, about installing new boxes, even in normal times. An official is sent down to interview the village head-man or *cacique*, and this dialogue takes place:

"Is your average telephone-conversation worth while?"

"Sure-ly her be! Thur be Uncle Joe's corns and Varmer Turmutt's barley and Mus. Gumboil's Nellie got engaged to young Fred Mangles and a hem ornary ole set-out!"

"H'm. Frankly, I doubt if that sort of thing is worth installing a box for."

"Eh?"

(Pause)

"Tell you what I'll do—I'll switch you on to some specimen 'phone talks between City men and blondes. That'll give you some idea of what we call a 'worth-while' 'phone conversation."

The usual result is to terrify the artless rustic and make him drop the idea. And after all, he

(Concluded on page 302)



"You look tired; why don't you go and rest?"



Vivienne

Miss Sonia Dresdel: a Rising Star

Miss Sonia Dresdel has been seen in the West End in leading roles on two occasions only—the first, in March last, when she appeared as Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, and the second, in June, when as the gay, sophisticated Clotilde in Ashley Dukes's version of Henry Becque's *Parisienne*, she appeared in six special matinees at St. James's Theatre presented by Mr. Michael Redgrave to aid theatrical charities. Nevertheless, she is a marked woman; marked by the critics for the front rank of stardom in the very near future. Born in Yorkshire, Miss Dresdel has wanted to go on the stage since she was seven. She started with elocution and music at the Royal College of Music, won a scholarship to the R.A.D.A. while there, and then proceeded to serve seven years' hard apprenticeship in repertory. London audiences may have an opportunity to see her again in the near future, for Mr. Bernard Delfont is planning a further production of *Parisienne*, in which Miss Dresdel will again appear as Clotilde

Standing By ...

(Continued)

gets all the local dirt just as quickly via the village postmistress, whose kettle is always on the hob.

Protocol

MR. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW'S declaration in the new (1943) Wisden that it is time all the "humbug about the relative position of amateurs and professionals" was stopped will remind lovers of our national game of the Royal Commission which examined several Players and others on this matter in 1908. Extract from the evidence of Henry Gowler:

(5567) SIR G. CAKE: When Gentlemen of England are at their wine during an interval in the Pavilion they frequently send for Players' wives and daughters to divert them. Do Players resent this?—In a way, they do.

(5568) MR. HUMP: One would have thought this condescension would gratify females in such humble circumstances?—It all depends.

(5569) MR. FIDGE: If you saw a Gentleman at the Pavilion door embracing your wife by force, I take it you would raise your little cap and pass on to the Players' entrance?—That is the regulation, sir.

(5570) THE CHAIRMAN: I think Rule 166b, enjoining a "smiling and respectful acquiescence" on Players in such circumstances, covers this.

Another professional, Thos. Bulch, deposed that Gentlemen sometimes hung round

the Players' quarters after a champagne orgy at the "tea" interval, leering at their beautiful daughters and making propositions to them.

(9615) MR. HUMP: Good Heavens, why not? If a Gentleman chooses to overlook the social gulf—

(9616) LORD TOWSER: Rule 168 covers this, I think. Players' daughters come under "amusements, etc." (To Witness): I believe a Player may be severely punished for rebelling against this rule?—Yes, they break him, my lord.

(9617) MR. HUMP: Dammit, I should think so!

The Commission found that there was nothing to complain of in the present system and whitewashed every prominent personage involved, as is the duty of Royal Commissions.

Welcome

PROPOS the late Liverpool dock-strike, a naval chap told us a story about a Soviet submarine which recently put in at a British port. The local Communist dockers at once took a half-day off to welcome the officers and crew on the quay, with band. Giving the hurrying comrades a brief once-over, the Soviet commander said to his British naval escort: "Who are these people?" The officer told him. "Why are they not at work?" asked the Russian. The officer said laughingly: "How should I know? They're your tea, not mine." "In my country," said the Soviet submarine-commander bleakly, "we should shoot them," and turned his back on the demonstration.

Idea

AN artist writing to Auntie Times has put up the sound suggestion that hospital walls, instead of being monotonously blank, should be covered with coloured frescoes, which would admittedly have an admirable psychological effect on the sick.

Like most good modern ideas, this one probably derives from the Middle Ages. Logically developed, it should include the hospital staff as well, maybe—nurses in Venetian Carnival costumes, for example, and doctors in pastel silks and feathers, and the Lady Almoner disguised as Yseult of the Primavera or the Gioconda or the Spirit of Australian Claret shoving that blank cheque-book under your nose with a crystal laugh. Talk about psychological effect!

Chesterton's idea, inspired by his Slade School days, of having buckets of mixed colours and long-handled brushes at his bedside, so that he could paint pictures on the ceiling as he lay on his back, is much cheaper, and we often thought of approaching Matron about it during the last war. A flat white ceiling to stare at is what



"It's only Uncle Charlie, dear, he's always hanging around"

weighs most on the spirits of the bed-bound, we wanted to explain to her; and if no paint was handy, we could put up with a magic-lantern with some good coloured slides. Then Matron came round and we met her eye and decided to let it ride. After all, who wants a coloured ceiling?

Figure

IF the Finns knew their business they'd use the strongest argument they have for getting out of the war, namely that the sooner they get peace the sooner they can export that new symphony Sibelius is undoubtedly composing.

The greatest living musician, a knowledgeable chap tells us who has met him in his pleasant wooden house in the middle of that mysterious forest-and-lake country, may have produced another terrific masterpiece or something relatively trivial, being one of those geniuses who, like Beethoven, just dash down what occurs. Sibelius is a big jolly simple Finn, fond of hospitality, Scotch whisky, and jokes. Apart from being a benefactor to the musical world he is probably a godsend to the Finns, who have little or no relaxations, apparently, except looking at and discussing reindeer, a topic which is probably soon exhausted in those long winter nights.

To chaps of—what shall we say?—a more rich and vivacious civilisation the antlers of reindeer would suggest many a homespun quip (see the forester's song in *As You Like It*), which would help pass the night away, but we don't know if the Finns share this ancient domestic pleasantries. They were only in touch with the thought of Europe for about three centuries, and it takes the average Nordic a long time to catch up on jokes, they say.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"After my rudder had been shot away, and one of the wings, three of my motors were U.S., and, of course, the controls were, too. Otherwise, apart from the starboard petrol tank catching fire and the inter-com. conking out, we had a pretty uneventful run home the last 2000 miles. My rear gunner got nine F.W. 190's, which kept him amused, he says"



The Norfolks at Home

August at Arundel

England's Premier Duke with His Family

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



● These pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk with their three little girls, Anne, Mary and Sarah, were taken at Arundel Castle, historic Sussex home of the Norfolk family for many generations. In 1917 Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan Howard succeeded on the death of his father as sixteenth Duke; Premier Duke and Earl, Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England. His marriage to the Hon. Lavinia Mary Strutt, daughter of the third Baron Belper, took place in 1937. Since 1941 the Duke has been Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture

Brighton, 1880

"Pink String and Sealing Wax" is a Victorian Domestic Comedy With an Undercurrent of Tragedy

● Roland Pertwee's new play, *Pink String and Sealing Wax*, which has already been seen in Brighton and Nottingham, opened at the Duke of York's Theatre last week. It is the story of a Brighton chemist and his young family in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Domestic comedy throws into sharp relief the undercurrent of tragedy—poison, murder, and suicide—which runs through the play. *Pink String and Sealing Wax* brings Dorothy Hyson (Dorothy Dickson's daughter) back to the West End after a long absence. Other stars are Iris Hoey, David Horne and Philip Friend



Jessie: "When I'm a great actress, I shall give my children a shilling a week" The Strachan children are ambitious, though much of their enthusiasm is killed by their dominating father. Only when they are alone with their mother can they give expression to their secret hopes. (Iris Hoey as Mrs. Strachan, Audrey Hesketh as Jessie, who wants to go on the stage, Philip Friend as Albert, who plans to be an engineer and inventor, and Margaret Barton as Eva, the youngest member of the family)



Mr. Strachan: "Describe his symptoms"
Pearl Bond: "He started with a paroxysm, as you might say—a sort of convulsion"
Following her conversation with Albert in the dispensary, Pearl steals some strychnine and poisons her husband. Mr. Strachan is the public analyst, and she comes to him to report the death. (Iris Hoey, David Horne, Shelagh Furley)



Albert: "I've invented a bicycle"
Mr. Strachan: "You cannot invent what already exists"
Albert, hoping to impress his father, shows him the sketches of his new invention. Mr. Strachan is scornful and destroys the boy's work. (Philip Friend, David Horne)

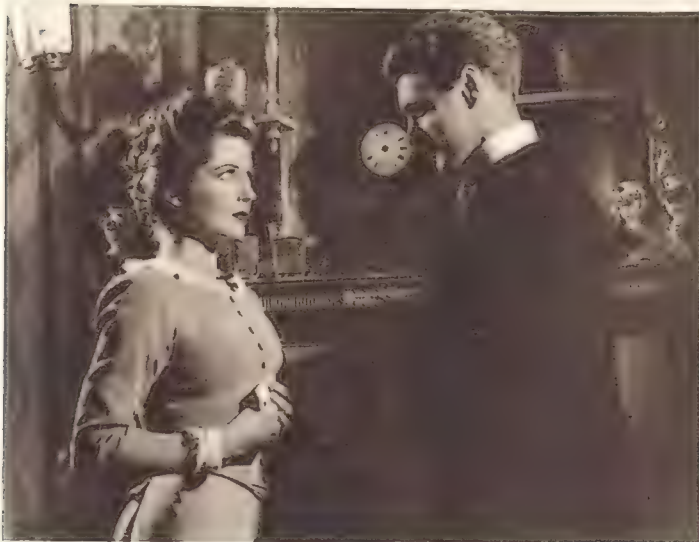


Emily: "Albert is in danger, and you and I must stand by him even if we have to tell lies to get him out of it"
Young Eva has overheard the conversation between Albert and Pearl in the dispensary and tells her eldest sister, Emily, whose ambition it is to be a singer, about it. (Dorothy Hyson, Margaret Barton)



Mr. Strachan: "I don't know which troubles me most—my inside or my children"

Mrs. Strachan pleads with her husband to leave the children alone and allow them to work out their own salvation. (David Horne, Iris Hoey)



Ernest: "I hope I haven't spoiled anything"

Emily: "I don't know. I made a vow never to allow a man to kiss me"

Ernest O'Shee is a friend of the family. He is in love with Emily. (Dorothy Hyson, Eric Micklewood)



Pearl: "What's in all those bottles?"

Albert: "Various chemicals. There's enough strychnine in this to kill half the people in the street"

Albert is infatuated with Pearl Bond, the wife of a local publican. Pearl's husband is a cruel man and frequently beats his wife. Albert's words impress her as she realises how easily she could dispose of the man she has grown to hate. (Philip Friend, Shelagh Furley)

Photographs by
John Vickers



Mr. Strachan: "Do you realise that you may stand beside that woman in the dock, charged with being accessory before the fact?"

Mr. Strachan finds out about the liaison between his son and Pearl Bond; He discovers the loss of the strychnine, and when poison is found in the dead man's organs, he accuses his son of being an accessory. (David Horne, Dorothy Hyson, Philip Friend)



Mr. Strachan: "Mrs. Bond, you're hanging yourself with your own tongue"

Mr. Strachan refuses to be influenced by Pearl's threats to expose Albert. When she realises she has failed, Pearl commits suicide. (David Horne, Shelagh Furley)

Family Pictures



Princess Croÿ and Charlotte

Princess Croÿ, wife of Prince Alexander Croÿ, is the daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. William McLaren Campbell, C.B.E., M.V.O., and of Mrs. Shuttleworth, of Old Warden Park, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. Her husband, a son of the late Prince Alexander Croÿ, of Austria, is working in a factory. They have one daughter

*Lady Vincent
and Amanda*

*Photographs by
Yevonde and
Marcus Adams*



Lady Vincent, wife of Sir Lacey Vincent, Bt., is the daughter of the late Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Bt., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O. Her husband is the only son of the late Sir Percy Vincent, a former Lord Mayor of London. Lady Vincent works for the Red Cross, and has one child, Amanda Mildred

Captain C. A. H. Brooking, O.B.E., R.N., was taken to the photographer by his children. He has been at the Admiralty since 1937, and became Director of the Admiralty Press Division on its formation in 1940. He married a daughter of the late Captain Coleridge, R.N., and has a son and a daughter

Lady Jean Rankin, elder daughter of the Earl of Stair, and wife of Colonel Niall Rankin, Scots Guards, has been working at W.V.S. headquarters since the outbreak of war. Col. Rankin, who is Sir Hubert Stewart-Rankin's only brother, was photographer to the Oxford University Arctic expedition in 1924. He and his wife have two sons, Ian and Alick



Captain Brooking with Sara and Patrick



Mrs. Abel Smith and Her Children

The wife of Colonel Alexander Abel Smith was formerly Miss Peggy Morgan, of Baltimore, U.S.A. Her two children are David Francis and Carolyn Alexandra. Colonel Abel Smith is at present with the British Army Staff in Washington



Lady Jean Rankin and Her Sons

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

An Object All Sublime!

THE Son of Heaven is probably the only person who will view with disfavour the formation of this new South-East Asia Command, and, if he has any knowledge of the fighting record of the sailor appointed to run it, he may be even more put out. In a recent recountal of Lord Louis Mountbatten's war service published in the daily Press, the author omitted to mention that, in addition to bringing home the badly wounded Kelly, this officer did the same thing by Javelin, which was also saved from a watery grave by fine seamanship and dogged courage. Both these ships ought to have sunk, for they were practically in two bits, but in spite of this they retired with every available gun firing. When the Germans finally got H.M.S. Kelly in the battle off Crete she was fighting her weight in wild cats till she was turned clean upside down. They say that most times you can learn best from a model. I suggest that not a bad "model," so far as leadership is concerned, may be that Royal Navy Polo team of 1936, of which Lord Louis Mountbatten was the skipper. Just after the start of the fifth chukker in the final of the Inter-Regimental, the Navy were leading the 12th Lancers 5 to 1, and it looked all over bar the shouting. Then Heywood-Lonsdale, the Navy No. 1, had a bone in his leg broken in a collision, and after that it was three men against four; yet they held together and fought it out to a glorious defeat by only two goals. It was the same spirit which sustained H.M.S. Kelly and H.M.S. Javelin. I am sure that Hirohito will understand. The job in hand is primarily a naval one.

A Stripped Gallop

THIS is all that Straight Deal's outing in the 1½-mile White Waltham Stakes at Ascot on August 28th was, and as he had such an easy time it cannot have done him any harm. We were assured, however, by someone, presumably speaking upon some sort of information, that he would not have such an easy time, even though he was certain to win, and it was suggested that the Oaks winner, Why Hurry, would shake him up, and that later she would certainly be a danger to him in the Leger. Personally,



D. R. Stuart

Discussing Naval Affairs

The Commanding Officer of the station, Capt. M. S. Thomas, D.S.O., R.N. (centre), has a talk with Lt.-Cdr. B. R. Brasier-Creagh, R.N., and Pay-Lt. W. M. Elderton, R.N.

I failed to follow this reasoning, unless Why Hurry had improved something like a stone since she won the Oaks. The result of this race at Ascot proves to demonstration that she has done nothing of the sort. She finished six lengths behind Straight Deal, who won going as he pleased, with the persevering Precipitate intervening. Why Hurry a bad third. Six lengths is approximately the distance by which Why Hurry would have been beaten in the Oaks by Ribbon, but for that unfortunate contretemps at the start. Even so, Why Hurry only scraped home by a neck, which looked even less. How would you now handicap Straight Deal and Why Hurry, and would you not feel that you were a bit hard on her if



Lawn Tennis to Spitfire

W/Cdr. C. E. Malfroy, D.F.C., the New Zealand pre-war lawn tennis star, now leads a Fighter Command Spitfire wing, and has himself destroyed four enemy aircraft, damaging many others

you only gave her 14 lb.? Translate six lengths "easily" into pounds. In the Free Handicap 1942 (7 furlongs), the very astute Mr. Fawcett put Straight Deal at 9 st. 1 lb., Why Hurry at 8 st. 5 lb. This recent form, as I compute it, entitles her to at least another 4 lb. In the White Waltham Stakes she was getting the sex allowance, so I think that, if I were compelled to handicap them, I should make Straight Deal concede 17 lb., and even then I should expect him to beat her, considering the leisurely manner of his win. I suggest that this race at Ascot induces the thought that there cannot be much between Straight Deal and Ribbon, and that there will be a fight on the 18th worth going a long and uncomfortable way to see. Unfortunately, the result of the stripped gallop between Umiddad and Ribbon on September 1st—over 1½ miles at the weights they will carry in the Leger—cannot come into my possession before these notes go to press. On paper there is only about a pound between Straight Deal and Umiddad.

The Stewards Look Ahead

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club are more deserving of commendation than of the cheap gibes which have been indulged in by some people, who, obviously, are not as capable of seeing beyond the tips of their noses as are the controllers of the destinies of the turf. The general trend of the criticisms has been:

(Concluded on page 308)



Cricket Match: The British Empire Beat the Army at Epsom

The British Empire XI., seen above, beat the Army by two wickets at Epsom. Sitting: E. B. Eyle, F. T. Badcock, C. B. Clarke, Alderman Marshall, Mayor of Epsom (President of the Club), Ray Smith (Captain), S. C. Rouse, C.B.E., L. J. Todd. Standing: Fletcher (Umpire), — Hoskins, L. B. Thompson, J. G. W. Harrold, W. Coverdale, J. Collinson, H. P. Crabtree, S. M. H. Spearing



Stuart

Here is the Army XI. beaten by the British Empire team. The match was played in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Sitting: Capt. Ian Peebles, Mr. E. E. Schnadhorst (President), C. S. Dempster (Captain), Alderman Marshall, M. Nichols, Capt. J. D. Robertson, Leslie Compton. Standing: L. Balcock, Capt. Wolsterholme, Capt. H. E. Davies, Capt. A. Evans, R. Jenkins, Maurice Leyland

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

"Why have three Cesarewitches, when it is doubtful whether we have enough horses capable of getting 2½ miles to fill even one?" This, I think, misses the whole point. Admittedly, we can count the horses capable of getting even two miles on the fingers of one hand, but the Stewards' action in adding these two extra long-distance races is designed to remedy the very defect from which we suffer. The proportion of short-distance races—and in this I include events up to 1½ mile—over long-distance races is very marked, and there has not been much encouragement in the past twenty years or more for the long-distance performers. In my view, the framing of these new events—for two of which, let us hope, less plagiaristic titles will be found in the future, when regional racing is no longer necessary—is a direct earnest of a long overdue change of policy, and is in the highest degree commendable. I am still firmly convinced that the present dearth of true stayers is in the main due to the drain upon nervous energy induced by too early racing of immature animals with too heavy weights upon their undeveloped backs. A weight like 9 st. 5 lb. over any distance on a two-year-old's back is not in reason (vide Gustator in the Parkstone Plate, August 21st, at Salisbury, and this is not a singular instance). No one would like to see a return to the old 4-mile heats, run at a crawl for about 3½ miles, but an increase in the proportion of the plunder for races up to and over 2 miles would offer encouragement to the owner of anything, whose lineage was full of good staying blood, to give it a chance by conserving its energy till the animal had reached full strength. This, I take it, is exactly what the Stewards have in mind. The prospect of getting big fields for these races this season is admittedly very slight, viewed by what happened in the Gold Cup, but to criticise an early application of an obvious remedy is not sound sense.

Circumstantial Evidence

It has furnished a strong enough rope to hang many a murderer in the past, and it is quite safe to say that it will do the same thing many more times in the future. The two essential supporting pillars to make circumstantial evidence worthy of admission are: (1) motive and (2) opportunity. It is submitted that in a recent case the evidence of both is present in devastating force; furthermore, this evidence is backed by an allegation of a witness who says that he saw the crime committed. His testimony may be of doubtful value, because its



D. R. Stuart

W.R.N.S. Officers at an R.N. Air Station

Front row, l. to r.: 3rd/O. G. D. Raleigh, 2nd/O. N. W. Devenish Meares, 1st/O. F. M. Fry, 3rd/O. M. A. Bowen, 3rd/O. M. Holliss. Back row: 3rd/O. V. Layton, 3rd/O. C. A. Lauson, 3rd/O. M. E. Foster, 3rd/O. I. J. Selkirk, 3rd/O. M. A. H. Allenby, 3rd/O. E. Mallaney, 3rd/O. D. M. Doran



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in Scotland

Front row: S/O. H. I. Macrae, F/Lt. W. Simpson, S/Ldr. L. A. Sutherland, S/Ldr. H. D. Wardle, O.B.E., W/Cdr. Sir A. Hope, D.F.C., Commanding Officer, S/Ldr. A. Rintoul, Major R. Thomson, A. and S. Highlanders, F/Lt. S. Deacon, S/O. J. L. Grassick. Back row: F/Lt. A. L. Thompson, F/Lt. W. Campbell, P/O. P. du S. Leather, P/O. J. W. Hare, P/O. A. Message. Middle row: F/Lt. H. C. Daynes, S/Ldr. Rodda, F/Lt. R. S. Hockin, F/O. H. S. Wall, F/Lt. R. G. Davies, F/Lt. C. F. De Hamel, F/O. J. Turner, D.F.C., S/Ldr. J. D. Craig



The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, a well-known breeder, was at the races with her sister, Viscountess Jocelyn, and her son, the Hon. Robert Jocelyn



Capt. and Mrs. Evan Williams were together. He is in the 27th Lancers, and won the Grand National in 1937 on Royal Mail. She was formerly Jill Muir



Mrs. Denis Daly, wife of Lt.-Col. Denis Daly, 8th Hussars, went to Phoenix Park with Miss Brigid O'Malley, who was a pre-war follower of the Killing Kildares

Racing Personalities at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

source is tainted. The circumstantial evidence, however, is strong enough to stand alone. The victim had already once refused aid, of which the putative murderer was in the most desperate need; it is in evidence that he refused this aid a second time. Within a few hours he dies. There is the further damning fact that, some time anterior to the interview at which for the second time he refused to do as he was told, statements had been put abroad to the effect that he was suffering from a complaint which at any moment might result in sudden death. There is this further: very shortly before the occurrence with which we are dealing the accused appointed as his second-in-command and official liquidator the most ruthless butcher known to history. The argument of facts is too destructive to be controvertible.

Postscript

As this goes to press, it is probable that we need not take too much notice of the narrow defeat of Persian Gulf at Newmarket on August 31st, by Lord Derby's "discard" Full Bloom, because the runner-up is still such a baby, and every excuse can therefore be made for one as little accustomed to the tow-row-row of the racecourse. It is not likely to be less noisy on Leger day, and, anyway, I do not now think that it would be wise to entrust this very nice, but very green, colt with too much of our money in the big race.



Tunnelling on the Rock: a Cartoon from Gibraltar

Drawn on the spot by a Sapper officer, N. A. Langdon, this cartoon has already been on show at Gibraltar. We publish it with salutations to the Royal Engineers generally, and the Tunnelling Companies in particular, who have done such valuable and strenuous work on the Rock. Local knowledge will enable the reader to identify in the Heath-Robinsonian landscape a Brigadier, Chief Engineer, Military Command; a Lt.-Colonel, C.R.E. Tunnellers; Majors Mansell, Moorhead and Williams, commanding Tunnelling Companies; and three members of the City Engineers' Department—Mr. Pearce, M.I.C.E., F.S.I., City Engineer, Gibraltar; Mr. F. L. Ruggeri, M.I.M. and Cy. E., A.M.I.Struct.E., Assistant City Engineer; and Mr. A. L. Dotto, A.R.I.B.A., Chief Assistant Architect

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

County of London

SOME weeks ago I reviewed in these pages the latest edition of *Humphry Clinker*, Tobias Smollett's most agreeable novel, first published in 1771. I referred you to, though I did not then quote, the letter in which Squire Bramble gives his impressions of London, from which he has been absent for many years, for the benefit of his doctor friend back in Wales. Here is part of it:

London is literally new to me; new in its streets, houses, and even its situation; as the Irishman said, "London is gone out of town." What I left open fields, producing hay and corn, I now find covered with streets, and squares, and palaces, and churches. I am credibly informed that in the space of seven years, 11,000 new houses have been built in one quarter of Westminster, exclusive of what is being daily added to other parts of this unwieldy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are now almost joined to Chelsea and Kensington; and if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered with brick.

This, as we know, has happened. The "infatuation"—as Mr. Bramble saw it—has continued for more than a century and a half. If he looked with disfavour on the London of 1770, what would he think of the London we have to-day? It is true, he found much to praise, as he well might, in the areas being laid out in his own time. "The new streets are spacious, regular and airy; and the houses generally convenient." What is left to us of Georgian planning and building remains admirable, and we have classic beauties that date from before that. . . . In the Welsh squire's mistrust of the feverish growth of London there was something far-seeing. The old fellow, it is true, was a misanthrope, who saw mankind as acting for the worst reasons, and never doing anything properly. He saw self-interest, folly and vanity everywhere at their work.

Alas, the mess he envisaged has come about. London, since his time, has grown haphazard, and the result is chaos. Your own quarter, if you are fortunate, may happen still to be handsome, airy and dignified. But a drive out of the city (in the days when one could drive out of the city), war-work in some other quarter, or even a look at the map, show you how different things are elsewhere. There are tracts of sheer dreariness, if not absolute squalor. Jammed traffic makes an inferno of many streets. You can travel some distance in Greater London without seeing one green open space or a tree. The great river, at some of its finest reaches, is so inaccessible that it might not exist. Architectural beauties have been torn down to make place for pretentious monstrosities, and the remaining beauties have been built round till they are virtually out of view. Almost no old,

fine quarter remains untouched by commercial interest or somebody's wrong idea.

The most pig-headed sentiment, the most wrong-headed loyalty can no longer defend this state of affairs. London needs rescuing, realising, opening up. Bombs have begun for us, in their drastic way, the process we were too timid to undertake. They have made rebuilding necessary, and in a big way. Is this rebuilding again to be haphazard? After the Fire of London, Wren's plan was rejected. Are we to make the same tragic mistake again?

We must admit that a plan is needed. How thorough, how far-reaching, how comprehensive, and, if necessary, how revolutionary should such a plan be?

The publication of *County of London Plan*, by Messrs. Macmillan, at 12s. 6d., gives us a chance to view the proposed new London. We have here the Plan as prepared for the London County Council. The authors are J. H. Forshaw, M.C., M.A., F.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.I., Architect to the London County Council, and Patrick Abercrombie, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., P.P.T.P.I., Professor of Town Planning, University College, London. Lord Latham, as leader of the L.C.C., writes the Foreword. He says:

I do most earnestly commend this Plan to all the people of London and, indeed, to all people of goodwill everywhere, for their thought, for their criticism, but, above all, for their enthusiasm, not necessarily for the particular projects in the Plan, but for the faith it embodies and the hope it inspires.



Fayer

Mr. Clifford Bax, F.R.S.L., the well-known dramatist and author, published his first novel, "Time With a Gift of Tears," last week. As a young man he studied art at the Slade School, but later abandoned painting in favour of literary and dramatic work. He has been twice married, and his only daughter, Miss Undine Bax, was married last month to Capt. J. N. B. Wilson.

The County of London, for which the Plan provides, has an area of about 116 square miles, a population, estimated in 1937, of 4,053,620, and a 1938 rateable value of £53,285,802. For this the planning authority is the London County Council. The City of London, which has an area of one square mile, has as its planning authority its own Corporation, and accordingly is not dealt with in this Plan.

Past and Future

"COUNTY OF LONDON PLAN" is copiously illustrated with charts, coloured maps, wash drawings and photographs. Together, these and the authors' text make the Plan's main ideas perfectly comprehensible. We open with an examination of the present London's four major defects, for which fundamental remedies must be found if the Plan is to be of value. These defects are: traffic congestion, depressed housing, inadequacy and maldistribution of open spaces, and "indiscriminate mixed development." To these, as the authors say, one might add two others: the continued and all-devouring sprawl of London into the country, and the absence of a coherent architectural treatment in recent buildings.

The Plan considers London under three major aspects—as a Community, as a Metropolis, as a Machine. Its proposals, bold but never fantastic, tackle the defects that have been brought to view. In road-planning, for instance, the principle is to separate fast, through-going traffic from slow, stopping traffic: there would be three great ring-roads, which would, in some places, run underground—under quarters of

(Concluded on page 312)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE just lost a very nice friend in a very queer way! His name, we will say, is Dicky—a delightful, amusing, demonstrative Dicky. I have now realised, however, that he is also a rather dreary, conventional, indubitable "Richard." I knew Dicky very well indeed. For months we were inseparable companions. We had walked together for a long time. We got on like the proverbial house on fire. When we were free to wander farther afield than the office, we had the greatest fun. Our tastes for the minor adventures of life were identical. Though very occasionally clouds dimmed the blue sky of our happy companionship, we never had anything approaching a tiff; we got on so well together that to quarrel seemed quite impossible, boredom out of the question. He was the gayest possible companion, and, because his sense of joy resembled my own, it was only natural to be gay in his company. Each, so to speak, spurred the other on to more and more gaiety, more and more laughter, with the necessary serious moments of confidence in between without which the happiest friendship is a dismal thing—getting the heart nowhere. That was Dicky, and I liked him very much.

Then I suddenly met Richard. In an instant almost we were talking as if ten miles separated us and a mere acquaintanceship was the only link between us. His wife had appeared upon the scene! In the beginning I imagined that a trio would be almost as delightful as a duet. Alas! she disapproved of me

on the instant. He had apparently written to her telling her of the good time we were having together. She took a very poor view of any good time which she could not organise or correct. I sometimes think she had never met Dicky—anyway, she saw to it that he became "Richard." She considered Dicky school-boyish, someone she could not possibly look up to as spouse and protector. When we were all together she sat in cold, sneering fretfulness impossible to dispel. I found myself at last talking to "Richard" about the war situation and the weather. We might never have laughed together about nothing or about anything. He rarely gave a sign when I resurrected old jokes, or, when he did so, his manner towards his wife savoured of apology.

I soon began to realise that, since henceforward our association would consist of such a discordant trio, it would be better to fade away altogether. Yet sometimes I wonder if the tender attentions which husbands give to wives and wives to husbands do not often hide unconsciously the fact that the attentive one is beginning to love a little less, for "Richard" is not happy without "Dicky." No man or woman can be really happy unless he or she is living vitally, eagerly, radiating a joy in life. Two people forced to live together would be wise to watch these inner symptoms and to seek to understand, even when they cannot share them. For when we are happy we are most truly ourselves, and when we cannot be truly ourselves there is loneliness and resentment, and even antipathy ahead.



Haller — Read-Davis

Lt. Eryk Maria Haller, Polish Forces, son of Gen. and Mme. Joseph Haller, and Jacqueline Ethel Read-Davis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Read-Davis, of 54, Elm Park Road, S.W., were married at the Brompton Oratory



Alexander — Cochran

Mr. James Stuart Carnegie Alexander, only son of the late D. C. Alexander and Mrs. Alexander, of Thirladean, Selkirk, married Euphen Flora Cochran, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. Cochran, of Ashkirk House, Selkirkshire, at St. John's, Selkirk

Clapperton, Selkirk



Brady — Berryman

Major A. L. Brady, Royal Canadian Dragoons, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Brady, of Windsor, Ontario, Canada, married Josellen Mary Berryman, daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. R. H. Berryman, of Heather Patch, Groombridge, Kent, at Eridge Parish Church

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



MacInnes — MacCaw

F/Lt. R. G. MacInnes, D.F.C., R.A.F., second son of the Rev. John and Mrs. MacInnes, of The Pound House, Shenley, St. Alban's, married Eleanor Mary MacCaw, only daughter of the late Sir Vivian MacCaw, and Lady MacCaw, of 50, Cottesmore Gdns., W., at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley St.



Crosthwaite — Oughton

Lt. Kenneth Alan Crosthwaite, Westminster Dragoons, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Crosthwaite, of Sutton, Surrey, married Nora Oughton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Oughton, of 5, The Causeway, Sutton, Surrey, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Cole — Stoneham

T/Lt.-Col. George Sinclair Cole, R.A., second son of Capt. A. V. Cole, of Overcombe, Salcombe, Devon, married Sybil Irene Russell Stoneham, younger daughter of Mr. W. R. Stoneham, of Scotsburn, Sandrock Rd., Tunbridge Wells, and the late Mrs. Stoneham, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Morris — Staines-Austin

Capt. Wilfred Noel Morris, R.A., and Constance Staines-Austin, daughter of Surg. Capt. and Mrs. J. Staines-Austin, of Saxthorpe House, Town Close Road, Norwich, were married at St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich



Howell — Davies

The Rev. Herbert Stanley Howell, elder son of the late H. Howell and Mrs. Howell, of The Chestnuts, Cardigan, married Gwendolen Eleanor Davies, only daughter of Canon and Mrs. A. Ll. Davies, of The Vicarage, Doncaster, at Doncaster Parish Church



Cawson — Langley

Roland George M. Cawson, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Cawson, of Guildford, Surrey, and Elizabeth Vira Langley, daughter of Col. C. A. Langley, M.C., I.E.F., were married at St. Thomas-on-the-Bourne, Farnham, Surrey

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 297)

nearly always, Mr. Vic Oliver, wearing his well-known mulberry-coloured felt, and Mr. Jack Hylton, apparently unmoved by the threat which hangs over him of fourteen days in prison for alleged misuse of petrol, who was entertaining a party. Mr. Oliver was unlucky not to win the first race.

Born in London

THE daughter born to Sir Anthony and Lady Rumbold in London some two weeks ago will probably be christened Charlotte Alexander, although the final decision has not yet been made. The Rumbolds' two other little daughters, Serena and Venetia, who are both red-headed, were born in the United States when Sir Anthony was Second Secretary to the British Embassy in Washington. Serena, who is now five, has crossed the Atlantic three times already—the last time in convoy. On that occasion Lady Rumbold had with her, as well as her own two children, her small nephew and niece, Simon and Janet Chetwode, and the four of them are now living near Farnham with Lady Rumbold's sister, Mrs. John Chetwode. Until a few months ago, Felicity Rumbold has been doing full-time work in the War Office in London. She and her husband, who is now at the Foreign Office, have a small flat in Pall Mall.

Married in San Francisco

THE new Mrs. Robert Truehaft is the widow of Mr. Esmond Romilly, the Prime Minister's nephew, who was killed while serving with the Canadian Air Force in the Battle of Britain. She was married in San Francisco, where she has been working for the American Government in the office of Price Administration. Her husband is an official in the same office. In 1937 Jessica Mitford (or "Decca" as she is known to her friends) eloped with young Esmond Romilly and was married in Spain. They went to the United States, where Esmond Romilly took a job in a Miami restaurant while his wife worked as a salesgirl in New York. They have one daughter, Anne (known as "The Donk"), who was born in Toronto when her father was training for the Air Force. Decca Truehaft is the fifth of Lord Redesdale's six daughters. Latest reports from America say that she is as beautiful as ever, and while in Washington was one of the gayest members of the intellectual young "New Dealer" set in the American capital.

Egyptian Hospitality

THE Egyptian Ambassador is one of the most regular members of the Corps Diplomatique to entertain friends, and his fine Embassy in South Audley Street is frequently filled with guests either for luncheon or dinner. Nor is that all, for he has a charming country home in Devon, and there he delights in entertaining English visitors, a delight fully shared by them, needless to say, for he is a perfect host. Dr. Hassan Nachat Pasha speaks excellent English, and has fallen into our ways with ease. For the past three or four years he has had a house, "Ferndale," at Luppitt, near Honiton, and there he escapes from the turmoil of London and works in his garden, taking a practical interest in his chickens, pigs and cows.



A Wedding Presentation at Melton Constable

A Chippendale silver salver was the gift of the tenants of Melton Constable, Norfolk, to Capt. the Hon. Simon Astley, 7th Hussars, and his wife, to commemorate their wedding which took place in New Delhi last January. Capt. Astley is the younger son of Lord and Lady Hastings, and his wife is Field-Marshal Lord Wavell's youngest daughter. Above are Mr. J. S. Carter, of Briston, who made the presentation, Lord Hastings, Capt. and Mrs. Simon Astley and Lady Hastings.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

London, such as Bloomsbury, that it would be a pity to touch, or under the river. The throughgoing motorist must become tunnel-minded. Other roads, conducting the local traffic, would be made to pass under or over the major three—along which no buildings or pathways would be allowed (virtually, they would be like railway-lines). Out of London into the country there would be parkways, as in America.

Housing is to be overhauled, redistributed. Those vast triste dwellings, that have come down in the world and now make unsuitable tenements, would be swept away. The aim is that everyone should live at hand to their work—at the same time, residential and industrial buildings would be disentangled from their present mix-up. Terraces of houses, blocks of flats are to be spaced out, with trees and gardens between. Shopping and pleasure centres are to be concentrated. . . . The provision of many more open spaces, for ventilation and beauty, recreation and rest, occupies a great part of the Plan. Where possible, shady boulevards are to flank the river. And, most important of all, London is to be encircled by an unspoiled Green Belt. Where and how all this is to happen is shown on the maps and charts.

The lover of London, sensitive to its underlying character, is, I think, aware of the vast city as being a system of linked-up villages. One excellence of the Plan, in my own view, is its proposal to restore, and define, these submerged villages, restoring to each its nucleus, centre for local life. . . . Throughout, the Plan, while it has the future in view, aims at carrying into the future all the best of the past. What we find envisaged here is no mere "abstract" Utopian model city; it is London that has taken a better turning; London as she has it in her power to be.

Seen by a Ghost

RUDI VON RITTERHAUS, the narrator-hero of Phyllis Bottome's new novel, *Within the Cup* (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), feels, he says at the outset, like a ghost. He is a thirty-four-year-old Viennese psychiatrist, pupil of Adler, who has been forced by the *Anschluss* to seek refuge in England. Though his father had been an officer of the old régime, his mother, a charming actress, had had some Jewish blood. His adored young wife and her family, corrupted by Nazi influence, have accordingly turned their backs on him. Rudi arrives, in the April of 1939, at the Oxford home of his young friends, James and Eunice Wendover, numbed by the spiritual horrors he has been through. He is to become the at first very ghostly spectator not only of the Wendover family drama, but of England at the outbreak and in the first years of war.

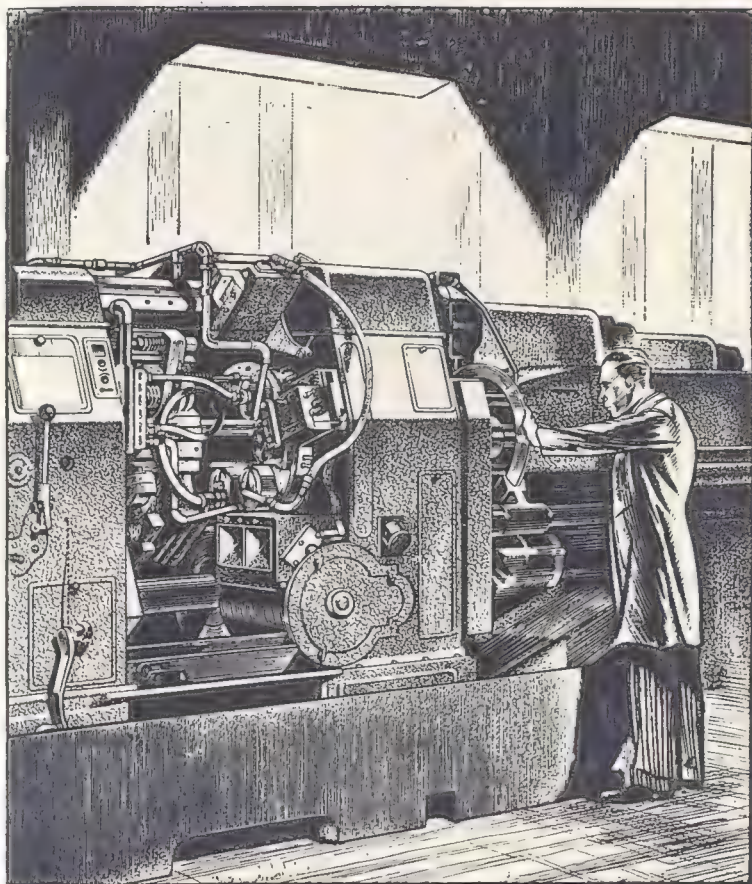
This idea of presenting the English, at the height of their crisis, through the eyes of a foreigner who has been through crisis himself is an excellent one. In Rudi, Viennese sophistication mingles with psycho-analytical clairvoyance. He finds a little to smile at, but much to honour, in the circle in which he finds himself. The naïveté and the inhibitedness of the English strike him. Believing passionately in England as the last hope for a threatened and darkened world, he is at the same time often profoundly troubled by England's irresponsibility and her happy-go-lucky ways. Leaving Oxford when his hosts take up war work in London, he goes to Silver Fountains, the West-Country country house of James's elder brother, Lord Wendover, where he is to take charge of the neurotic, suffering Lady Wendover. Here he finds himself in the heart of a "situation," for both his host and his host's son, Adrian, are having a love-affair with the rector's American wife—while the rector himself, a hard-set ascetic, carries on a platonic friendship with Lady Wendover. One might not, perhaps, call this a typical English scene. After some months the Plymouth blitz supervenes and unravels the situation, though tragically.

The balance of values between private life and the war is, throughout the novel, admirably well-kept. The first half of *Within the Cup* seemed to me quite brilliant; in the second, a certain strangeness is lost, as Rudi, acclimatised, finds he can love again, but the interest seldom lapses. The Miss Phyllis Bottome of *The Mortal Storm* shows her powers again, to the full, in *Within the Cup*. I recommend this novel without reserve.

Mexican Family

"FOR MY BROTHER," a true story by José Martínez Berlanga, as told to Lincoln Kirstein (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.), is a fascinating, wise, childish and coloured book—fascinating sometimes in spite of its incoherence, sometimes because of it. The speaker—whose idiom and point of view Mr. Kirstein renders faithfully—is the only remaining son of a Mexican family who have emigrated to the U.S.A., and now live at Harrison, Texas. The young man himself has moved away to New York, "to find work and to study," but, when the story opens, he is on a visit home, to console his parents for the death of his elder brother. Of these parents, and of his sisters, those three loquacious young ladies, the portraits are lovable.

Though the young people take pride in the U.S.A. and enjoy its amenities, the pull of Mexico on their senses and hearts is strong. The elder brother, the one who has lately died, had crossed the Border again, to work in a road-gang: it had become clear that he did not mean to return. The greater part of the story is a throw-back in time—an account of the hero's sixteen-year-old travels in Mexico in search of his brother, who has not written for years, of the fleeting contact the two made, of the strange scenes the younger glimpsed. . . . In *For My Brother* you feel the real stuff of life.



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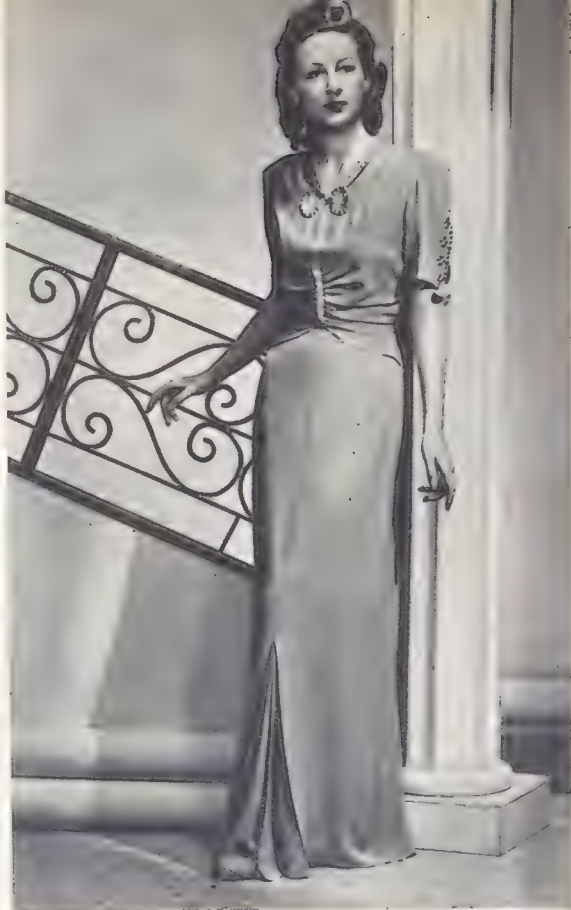
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A Page for Women by M. E. Brooke.



ELIZABETH ARDEN

It is pleasant to practise economy with the use of the Ardena Beauty Preparations. Those pictured include the puffer and moulder, destined to be used with the skin tonic—the rubber puffer for patting in the cream and the round-headed puffer for the application of skin tonic



PETER ROBINSON

Here is a frock which may be worn on many different occasions. It may begin its life as a member of a trousseau, and later may be worn for cinema or theatre or other special occasions

ECONOMIES IN WARTIME



JAEGER

A revival that is sure to please is this woollen peasant skirt with a becoming, studded belt. It is seen in conjunction with a gaily-coloured shirt. Both are admirably tailored and cut



WALPOLE

During the ensuing weeks, woolly frocks will come into their own again, a feature being made of coloured contrasts. The one above is a study in ecru and lime, the corsage being cleverly gathered



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There is a place for Melody in the medley of our wartime lives. And there is a place for Gala, too. For in Gala—a gay and vivid lipstick—there is a harmony of rich colour, creamy texture and permanence in wear.



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Stories from Everywhere

A WOMAN in the midst of divorce proceedings was complaining to a friend about the boring conferences she had to endure with lawyers.
"Oh," said her friend, "don't talk to me about them! I've had so much trouble over my property that sometimes I wish my husband hadn't died."

THE following is adapted from *Hugh Young: A Surgeon's Autobiography*.
Dr. Hugh Hampton Young, eminent surgeon, attended the unveiling of a bust of himself at the University of Virginia. After the ceremony a young woman came up to him.

"I hope you appreciate," she said, "that I have come fifty miles to see your bust unveiled."

Whereupon, with a bow, Dr. Young replied: "I would go a thousand miles to see yours."

A MOTHER lost her young daughter in the weekend confusion at a railway terminus. After a frantic search she finally located the child in the midst of a group of nuns. Both the little girl and the nuns seemed to be having a very good time.

"I hope my daughter hasn't been giving you too much trouble," exclaimed the relieved parent.

"On the contrary," chuckled the Mother Superior. "Your little girl seems to have the notion that we are penguins!"

THE paper *Marine* tells the following story:

In a Brussels tram a German officer sat opposite a Belgian mother with a five-year-old boy on her knees. Noticing the child's interest in his belt, he took it off and showed it to him. "What is written on there?" the officer asked. "Gott mit uns," the child read, and asked what it meant.

The mother, suspecting where the conversation might lead, looked out of the window, but the child persisted. At last she whispered: "It means 'God is with us.'"

The child thought it over, then turned to the German. "Maybe," he said, "but the English are with us."

A SENTIMENTAL woman was married to an unromantic man. One evening she said to him with a sigh: "Would you mourn for me if I were to die?"

"Oh, yes," he mumbled, embarrassed, "of course I would."

"And would you visit the cemetery often?"

"Certainly," he said, with a little more animation. "I pass it on the way to the pub anyway."

A LITTLE girl was taken to the Zoo by her father. They stood before a lion's cage and the father explained how fierce and strong lions were and how they would attack and devour human beings.

The little girl looked thoughtfully at the lion. Then she said: "Daddy, if I got out of the cage and ate you up, what number bus would I have to take to get home?"

AN A.A. detachment isolated on a lonely gun-site played cricket a good deal to relieve boredom. One day a passing traveller was invited to join in the game.
"Perhaps you'd like to bowl?" asked one of the players. "That's our officer batting; he won't mind."

The first ball delivered spreadeagled the stumps. In ominous silence the officer laid down the bat and stalked away, while the entire company went wild with joy.

"What's the matter?" asked the startled guest. "Why are you all so pleased?"

"Wouldn't you be pleased?" chuckled a private. "He's been in three weeks!"

OVER a cup of tea the two charladies were discussing the persons they "did" for.
"Then there's Mrs. 'Arris," said the one in the purple jumper. "Oh, my dear, 'er floors—you'd never believe! When I first started to work for 'er they was awful!"

She took a sip of tea and then went on proudly, "Now after I've been polishin' 'em three of 'er lady friends 'as broke their legs."



"Then in we went, and
gave 'em a wizard pranging"

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Looking Ahead

NOT for one moment would I suggest that those in high places in British aviation should convert themselves into flying fortune tellers and set out for us the course of future events as shown by the stars. Yet it is true that their value to the country as to the individual companies they serve is dependent upon their foresight; upon the accuracy with which they can predict coming events. I distinguish two kinds of prediction; that based upon the simple hypothesis that everything will always get bigger and faster and higher and better and longer and more numerous; and that based upon an attempt to relate lapse of time to rate of progress.

The second kind is the more difficult and also the more useful because it aids those who are living and working now and not those who will live and work a hundred years hence. But it calls for knowledge and judgment. "The first kind—which banks on bigness—demands nothing but a ready pen and a form of mental hyper-ventilation or cerebral wind. Any one can take pen and paper—or platform and water carafe—and say categorically that the passenger aeroplane "of the future" will weigh 1,000 tons and carry ten thousand people. They may be right. Who knows? If such aeroplanes do not appear in their lifetime they can always plead either that there has been lack of effort or insufficient time. If their works get dug up and deciphered in the year 7,000 they will be judged prophets without honour in their own times. No one can come to much harm anyway. But to aim at a mark that can be hit or missed in a decade does demand the highest faculties of judgment. Possibility and probability must be sorted out; the practical and the potential must be recognised and kept apart. Fortunately British aviation has produced many excellent predictors, men who have assessed the real probabilities and prepared for them.



Flight Lieut. R. O. Hanbury, R.A.F., was recently awarded the D.S.O. for destroying two U-boats. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Hanbury, of Southsea; he is married and his wife lives near Ringwood, Hants.

Eight Guns

THE classic case is that of the eight-gun fighter. As to that aircraft before war broke out there could be no mistake. There was no room for a mistake. As a distinguished officer put it to me the other day, it was, for those who had the responsibility of ensuring that we had the right fighters, a choice of victory or a lamp post.

Our great aircraft companies played an important part in helping the right decisions along. Hawker-Siddeley, for instance, have shown a sound sense of progress. They have struck the right forward note again and again and a tribute should be paid to them on this account. I have it on good authority that Sir Frank Spriggs and Mr. H. K. Jones are now as diligent as they have been in the past to weigh the probabilities and to ensure that their companies are right in at the front of future progress. Mr. Sopwith, the chairman of the group, referred the other day to the scope that should open before the York. And in other directions the companies are branching out and not resting satisfied with a simple development of things past.

In the engine field Rolls-Royce have always been noted for their foresight—a foresight tempered by the discretion that comes with years of experience so that wild-cat schemes are firmly set aside. Bristol, too, is a company with forward-looking abilities. Indeed, no British engine company could hope to take a place in the front rank of the engine companies of the world, or even to survive, without sound forward planning.

Berlin

CAPITAL cities have a value to their countries which exceeds the direct material benefits they confer. They seem to represent the whole people, as can be noted in the diplomatic messages which speak of "London" saying or thinking this; or of "Washington" holding such and such views, or of "Moscow" feeling thus and thus. I am not sure if this use of the names of capital cities to represent the peoples or nations concerned is a metonymy or something without some almost equally forbidding name; but it does indicate that the capital city is of more than material importance.

That is one reason why the people of the Allied countries are especially interested in bombing raids on Berlin. They were interested in the bombing raids on London and on Warsaw and Rotterdam and other comparable places; but that was a different kind of interest. Now the tables are turned and it is the German capital that forms the target. The heavy raid of August 23 was a great military achievement and the subsequent report upon it on the radio by a photographic reconnaissance pilot brought home to the people of Britain what damage had been done.

Inventions

THIS war has brought many small and complex inventions, many difficult inventions, but as yet no bold, simple ones. There has been nothing so readily seizable by the public as the tank, for instance. It may be that the inventions this time are kept secret. Or it may be that they do not exist. Perhaps today the scope for the bold simple, mechanical (as opposed to electrical) invention is much smaller than it used to be. Nevertheless, the day will surely come when some astonishing stories of new devices in this war will be told. Let us hope—as I have said before—that the veil of secrecy will be lifted soon enough to allow the novelties to be appreciated at their true worth. Keep an invention long enough and however good it may be at the start, it will go sour like milk. Therefore the secrecy rules should be relaxed at the earliest possible moment.



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A triumph, too, for the Goodyear Dumper and Scraper Tyres which played their part in this amazing enterprise. Built to get the maximum performance from motorised

equipment, these special purpose tyres kept the wheels turning along this highway even under the toughest conditions.

Goodyear Dumper and Scraper Tyres, developed to meet the requirements of the newest road-building equipment, have also been largely responsible for the making of other new records in the handling of excavation, road and general construction. Once again, the name Goodyear is written large in the pages of progress.

Another

GOOD YEAR

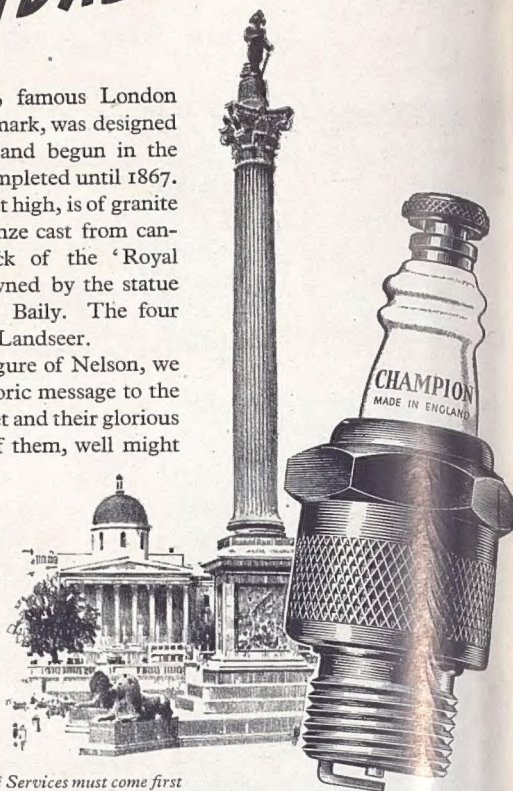
contribution to Progress

DEPENDABILITY

Nelson's Column, famous London monument and landmark, was designed by William Railton and begun in the year 1840, but not completed until 1867. The column, 170½ feet high, is of granite with a capital of bronze cast from cannon from the wreck of the 'Royal George,' and is crowned by the statue of Nelson by E. H. Baily. The four colossal lions are by Landseer.

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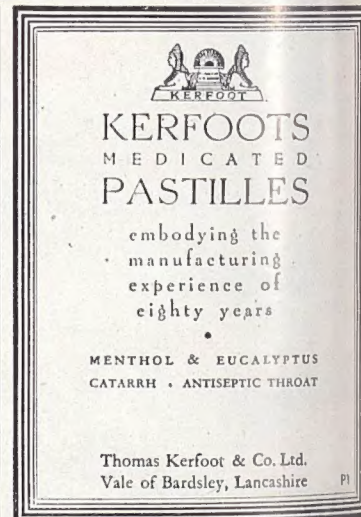
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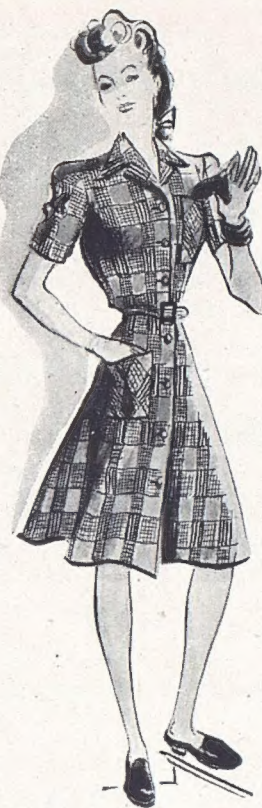
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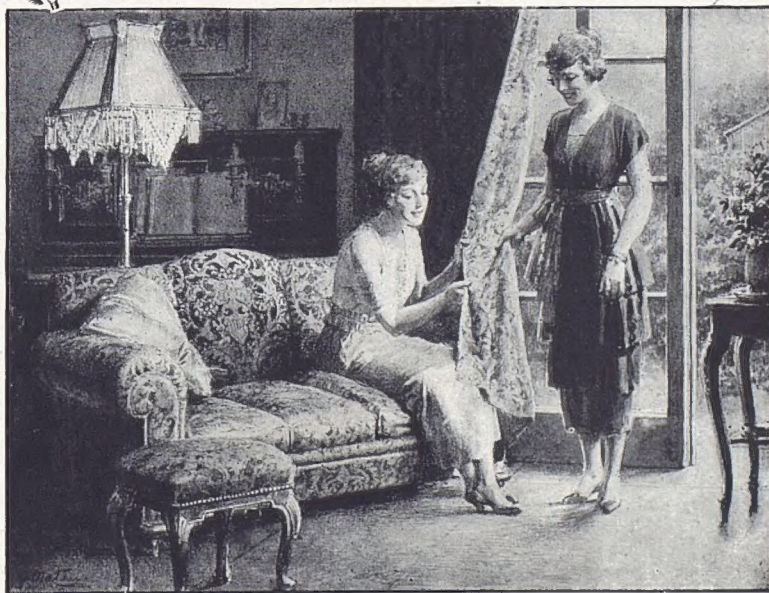
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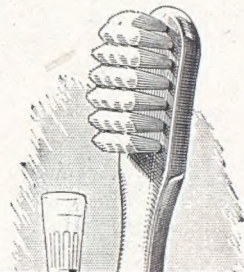
Present circumstances have necessarily restricted the supply of rayon materials. But, when the exigencies of National Service are removed, Courtaulds rayons will reappear, more lovely and versatile than ever. Furthermore, new developments and new products will again win fame for Courtaulds as leaders in British Industry.

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